

The TATLER



DECEMBER 31, 1958

& BYSTANDER 2s. weekly



Boat Show week:

PLANNING
JUNE IN
JANUARY



Someone, somewhere, is thinking of "Home" . . . someone *you* know . . . someone who would give a lot to be with you to-day! Have you thought how much THE TATLER would mean to a kinsman—a Briton—in some distant place? The pleasure it would afford is immeasurable and the cost comparatively trifling* You can arrange it today, so easily . . . ask your newsagent or write to: *The Publisher, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2. Be sure to state where copies should be sent, the period required and your name and address. 12 months, £6.12.0* (Canada, £5.14.0); 6 months, £3.8.0. (Canada, £2.19.0) *About 4d. a day!*

The Tatler

WHERE to go...

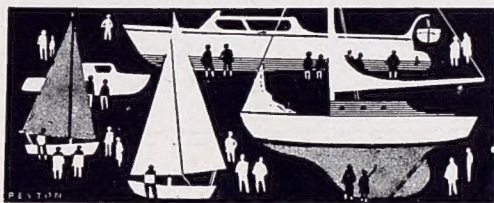
Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

THE ROYAL ACADEMY must be congratulated on a brilliant piece of diplomatic timing. Tomorrow, the precise day when our good resolutions take the strain, their exhibition of Russian art begins. By all accounts it will be as magnificent as all those other winter exhibitions at Burlington House we remember with gratitude. It lasts a long time—until mid-March—but don't make this an excuse for procrastination.

The National Boat Show at Olympia (until 10 January) would, if sailing enthusiasts had their way, last just as long—it would keep them going nicely until fitting-out time. A visit (and also, of course, a close perusal of this issue of *The Tatler*) is imperative if you want to keep in step.

Although the Royal Festival Hall looks the most sepulchral of white elephants, it has a remarkably vivid interior life. On 4 January it takes on the guise of a cinema,



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

The Asiatique, Irving Street, off Leicester Square. "Chef Hwong commands the kitchens... and if you want to taste some of his masterpieces you should order them a couple of days before you visit."

Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street. "Their Beaufort Restaurant sets out to provide the *haute cuisine*, and does so to the highest level."

The Colony, Berkeley Square. "Their Carte de Gourmets gives an immense selection. ... Apart from this their cold buffet is superb."

The Noke Hotel, Herts (St. Albans 55943). "At the junction of the North Orbital Road and the Watford-St. Albans Road... excellent bar and first-class food available in a finely panelled dining-room."

The Mill Restaurant, Harlow, Essex (Harlow 3251). "The proprietor, Mr. Bronson—a chef in his own right—provides outstanding specialities and some fine wines."

The White Lodge, Blindley Heath, Sussex (Lingfield 172). "On the left, out in the open, as you approach East Grinstead. It flies the Swiss flag, denoting the nationality of its proprietor, Henri Bally, wise in the ways of discerning gourmets."

where you can see the colour film of Puccini's *Tosca*, and the Russian colour film of *Don Quixote*. These were shown last summer, and if you miss them now you won't have another chance. It is not a double feature, the films must be booked separately.

A delightful morning or afternoon can be spent at Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Road, at an exhibition of miniature characters and costumes made by Eve Dawney. The 300 figures illustrate fairy tales, period drama and modern life, among other things. It lasts until 17 January and there is a voluntary collection for the Invalid Children's Aid Association.

For the first time (this surprises me) Christmas holiday lectures for children are being given at the Science Museum. The start is 2.30, and admission is free. Today, tomorrow and Friday the lecture is "From Man Power To Atomic Power." But give me "The Story Of Flight," the lecture on 5, 6, 7 January, and that hot-air balloon rising to the ceiling of the lecture room.

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Moon On A Rainbow Shawl (Royal Court Theatre). "We are agreeably surprised to find ourselves held by a simple story told... with complete sincerity."

The Grass Is Greener (St. Martin's Theatre). "Theatrically effective... acted with... virtuosity. We know exactly where we are."

Irma La Douce (Lyric Theatre). "Amusing piece of frivolity... a sentimental fantasy. Miss Elizabeth Seal works... with sympathetic vivacity."

Five Finger Exercise (Comedy Theatre). "Its hold on the audience rarely relaxes... sensitive and civilized."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Square Peg. "Mr. Wisdom has at last been persuaded to discard the hideously outworn garb of adolescence... this time he has sterling comedy support."

Antarctic Crossing. "A splendid documentary account of the final phase of Sir Vivian Fuchs's arduous polar journey."

The Old Man And The Sea. "Every detail of the story is there, and Mr. Tracy dreams all the old man's dreams."

tom.thumb. "The children will be charmed."

The holiday shows in London

Pantomimes:

CINDERELLA, Tommy Steele, Jimmy Edwards, Yana (*Coliseum*)

SLEEPING BEAUTY, Charlie Drake, Bernard Bresslaw, Patricia Lambert (*Palladium*)

KING CHARMING, Gwen Cherrell, Walter Horsburgh (*Lyric, Hammersmith*)

Circus:

BERTRAM MILLS (*Olympia*)

Children's:

PETER PAN, Sarah Churchill, John Justin, Julia Lockwood (*Scala*)

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS, Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin (*New Victoria*)

NODDY IN TOYLAND (*Victoria Palace*)

BILLY BUNTER'S MYSTERY CHRISTMAS, Gerald Campion (*Palace Theatre*)

HANSEL & GRETEL, Iris Kells, Patricia Bartlett, Anna Pollak, Sheila Rex, Raimund Herinx (*Sadler's Wells Opera*)

Ice show:

HOLIDAY ON ICE (*Empire Pool, Wembley*)

Gilbert & Sullivan:

D'OYLY CARTE SEASON (*Prince's Theatre*)

Period play:

THE SILVER KING, John Dailly, Prunella Scales (*Player's Theatre*)

Ballet:

CINDERELLA, Fonteyn, Beriosova, Linden, Nerina in turn (*Royal Ballet*)

THE NUTCRACKER, John Gilpin & Jeannette Minty; Marilyn Burr & Louis Godfrey; Natalie Krassovska & André Prokovsky in turn (*Festival Ballet*)

Musicals:

MY FAIR LADY, Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, Stanley Holloway (*Drury Lane*—ticket-holders only; bookings now are for August)

WEST SIDE STORY, Marlys Watters, Don McKay, Chita Rivera, Ken Le Roy, George Chakiris (*Her Majesty's*)

CHRYSANthemum, Pat Kirkwood, Hubert Gregg (*Prince of Wales*)

THE BOY FRIEND, Ben Aris, Brian Blades, Sheila Bernette (*Wyndham's*)

EXPRESSO BONGO, Paul Scofield, Millicent Martin (*Saville*)

Revues:

SALAD DAYS, Derek Holmes, Virginia Vernon, Michael Barrington, Sheila Kennedy (*Vaudeville*)

LIVING FOR PLEASURE, Dora Bryan, Daniel Massey, George Rose, Janie Marden (*Garrick*)

FOR ADULTS ONLY, Miriam Karlin, Hugh Paddick, Ron Moody (*Strand*)

AT THE DROP OF A HAT, Michael Flanders, Donald Swann (*Fortune*)

Thriller:

THE MOUSETRAP, Derek Blomfield, Heather Chasen (*Ambassadors*)

Comedies:

ROAR LIKE A DOVE, Anne Kimbell, Patrick Barr (*Phoenix*)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF... Alfred Marks, Naunton Wayne (*Savoy*)

WHAT to see

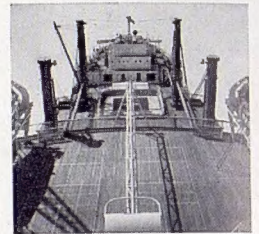
To South Africa *The Ellerman Way*

Of course it's luxurious, but it isn't *just* luxury on ELLERMAN ships. As you step inside your own cabin-suite you enjoy a pleasant feeling of well-to-do well-being. Very soon, you experience a new kind of service from the ship's company, almost old-world in its attentiveness. Our passengers (many of whom are experienced world-travellers and good judges in this matter) tell us that our ships'

cuisine is equal to that of any five-star restaurant anywhere. Fine ships and fine service, maintaining a fine tradition of quiet competence . . . *this is the ELLERMAN way to South Africa.*



A typical double-room on "The City of Exeter." Cabins on Ellerman ships are on either "A" or "B" decks . . . light, airy and beautifully appointed.

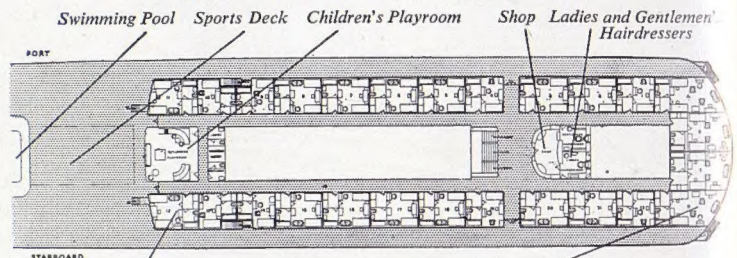


The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool, promenade deck, drawing-room, smoke-room, library and a well-stocked ships' shop and hairdressing salons.

The "City of Durban" restaurant spans the full width of the ship and seats all passengers at one service.



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Approximately every fourteen days an Ellerman "City" class ship sails for South Africa, Lourenco Marques and Beira. Passage rates are competitive . . . an outside double room, for example, with private bathroom *en*

suite, is £155 per adult (£125 per adult on a 12-passenger vessel). Full information can be obtained from Ellerman Lines, Passenger Office, 29/34, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or from all shipping and travel agents.

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The TATLER

BYSTANDER

1, CCXXX. No. 2999

31 December 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Georges Maileny

PERSONALITY

The founder's lady

THE HON. MRS. MAX AITKEN is the wife of the man behind Britain's National Boat Show which opens today. Her husband, the Hon. Max Aitken, is chairman of the board of Beaverbrook Newspapers Ltd. whose *Daily Express* sponsors the Show. He personally suggested the idea of a show to the Ship & Boat Builders' Federation, which does the organizing. This year he will present the Max Aitken Yachtsman of the Year trophy at Olympia for the fifth time.

Mrs. Aitken shares her husband's enthusiasm for sailing and attends the show nearly every day besides acting as hostess at the presentation party. During the season she often entertains at Cowes, where the Aitkens have a home that projects over the water. It

was once a sail loft, and the sails for the ocean-going J-class yachts *Endeavour* and *Britannia* were made there. Conversion of the loft into a charming flat, she says, was almost entirely the work of her husband.

In his spare time Mr. Aitken is himself an ardent yachtsman. His Class A yacht *Drumbeat* has won many British races and did well in last summer's Bermuda race, gaining fifth place in Class A.

Mrs. Aitken, one of the four daughters of Sir Humphrey de Trafford (whose Alcide won the last St. Leger), is pictured here in her country home, Garden House, on the Cherkley estate of her father-in-law, Lord Beaverbrook. The Aitkens have a son, Maxwell, seven, and a daughter, Laura, six.



Stourton—Hordern: Miss Virginia Hordern, twin daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Basil Hordern, The Old Rectory, Fernhurst, Essex, married Mr. John Stourton, son of the Hon. John Stourton, Miniature Hall, Wadhurst, & Mrs. Stourton, Withington, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Johnston—Chancellor: Miss Susanna Chancellor, daughter of Sir Christopher Chancellor, C.M.G., & Lady Chancellor, Hunstrete House, Pensford, Somerset, married Mr. Nicholas Johnston, younger son of Capt. & Mrs. A. E. Johnston, West Hollam Lodge, near Fareham, Hampshire, at St. Paul's Cathedral



de Candole—Longworth: Miss Elisavet Ann Longworth, daughter of Mr. J. L. Longworth, Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5, & Mrs. Noorduy, married Mr. John A. V. de Candole, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. A. V. de Candole, Evreham Lodge, Iver, Bucks, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Cemlyn-Jones—Neale: Dr. Patricia M. Neale, Braywick, daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Neale, married Dr. Morys Wynne Cemlyn-Jones, Bodreinalt, Conway, son of Sir Wynne Cemlyn-Jones, at St. John's Wood Church



Matthews—Chester: Miss Elizabeth Mary Chester, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. J. G. Chester, Norton-juxta-Twycross, Leics, married Mr. Robert G. Matthews, B.Sc., M.R.C.V.S., son of Mr. & Mrs. R. E. Matthews, Wilnecote Cottage, Tamworth



Beazley—Barnes: Miss Cynthia Barnes, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Kentish Barnes, Caldecot, Cald, Cheshire, married Mr. Derek Beazley, son of Mr. & Mrs. Harold G. Beazley, Lower Hearn, Headley, Hampshire, at the Church of St. Simon Zelotes, Chelsea, S.W.3



Roxburgh—Bourne: Miss Antoinette Margaret Bourne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Bourne, Silverwood Cottage, Cobham, Surrey, married Dr. Ian O. Roxburgh, son of Mr. J. O. Roxburgh & the late Mrs. Roxburgh, Balshagray, Glasgow, at St. Andrew's Church, Cobham, Surrey



White—McGee: Miss Nicholette Mary McGee, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. B. McGee, St. Ann's Court, Chertsey, Surrey, married Mr. Christopher John White, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. R. White, George Inn Cottage, West Malling, Kent, at the Brompton Oratory

Mother and daughter

A new portrait of the Duchess of Rutland (formerly Miss Frances Sweeny) with her mother, the Duchess of Argyll



Yevonde

SOCIAL JOURNAL

On the sunshine trail to the Bahamas

by JENNIFER

ALREADY many lucky people have left for the sunshine of the Bahamas, and many more plan to go out early in the New Year. Among those who are already in their homes out there are Mrs. Robert Holt, who has Sir Cyril Salmon (one of our most brilliant judges) and Lady Salmon staying with her over Christmas and the New Year at Bali-Ha'i. Major Andrew Holt is at Casetta Uno, his charming house right on the sea at Lyford Cay; and Mr. & Mrs. Richard Johnson have arrived down from Montreal to their home nearby. The Hon. Reginald Winn, who has land out here and is a devotee of the Bahamas, told me when I met him recently that he and his wife hope to stay with the Johnsons in February.

Brig. & Mrs. Tom McCarthy are at North Point and Sir Francis & Lady Peek at their new home in this part of the island. Major & Mrs. Herbert Holt are at Bali-Crystal at the other side of Nassau. Lady Iliffe went out by sea early this month to their delightful house near Cable Beach, and was to be joined later by Lord Iliffe, and possibly also by their son the Hon. Langton Iliffe and his beautiful wife in January.

Lady Robinson travelled out to New York on the Queen Mary and flew down to her home in Nassau early this month. She was to be joined, when Parliament rose, by Sir Roland Robinson and their son John and daughter Loretta for Christmas. Another

young visitor was Mr. Dru Montagu, who has been enjoying playing on the new golf course, and his wife. The Duke & Duchess of Sutherland also travelled out by sea and arrived at the Balmoral Club early in December. Mrs. Frederick Sigrist is back from Europe in her lovely home on Cable Ridge and sent out invitations for a big party on Christmas Night. The Earl of Dudley, who is among landowners at Lyford Cay, was expected out soon after Christmas.

Col. & Mrs. Eric Philipps are down from Toronto at their home Pink Cottage, Cable Beach, and Mr. & Mrs. E. P. Taylor at Tamarind, where they are expecting the Marquess & Marchioness of Abergavenny out from England and Viscount and Viscountess Hardinge down from Montreal

among friends to visit them in the New Year. Viscount Hardinge was here for a few days early this month.

This part of the world has much to offer, especially in the winter, as not only is there heavenly sunshine (though not too hot to enjoy golf and tennis) but also superb bathing in clear blue water from silvery sandy beaches; water ski-ing; under-water swimming which enables you to see the most beautiful reefs of coral and coloured fish; and of course sailing and boating.

Sport with the wahoo

As this is our Boat Show number I will dwell for a moment on boats. They play a big part in life out here as wonderful facilities exist for sailing from the yacht havens and small harbours. One of the most exciting trips is to go out fishing in fairly big and unusually strong boats when big fish such as wahoos and barracudas are often landed.

Another enjoyable pastime is to charter a boat for a cruise to the outer islands, many of which have lovely beaches, as silvery as those of New Providence on which Nassau is situated. Visitors also enjoy hiring the glass bottomed boats through which they get a splendid view of the exotic coral and the fabulously coloured fish which abound.

The important new residential project out at Lyford Cay (this also has a new yacht basin) is progressing well. The magnificent

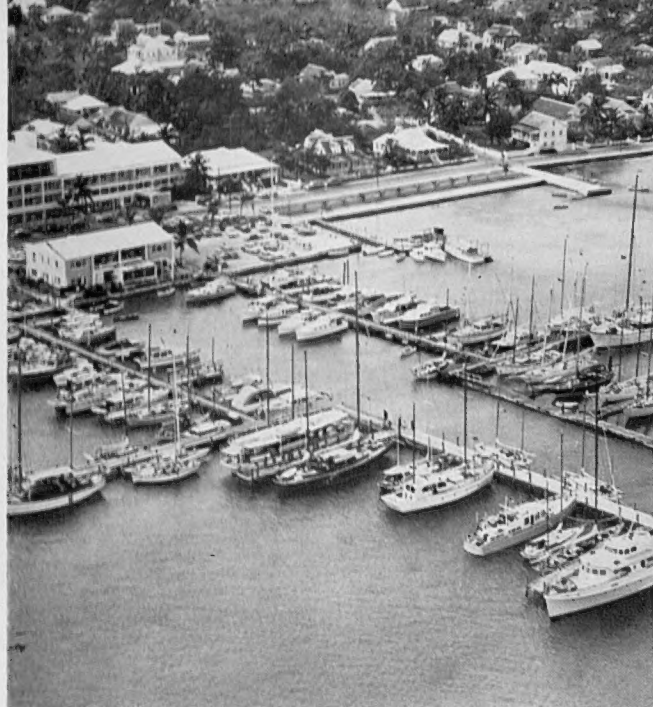


A new Shaw film

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: Following the success of *My Fair Lady* Shaw's works are being re-examined by showmen, and next year a new film of *The Devil's Disciple* is due. The TATLER will publish a preview, showing some of the distinguished cast, together with pictures of top names who have starred in Shaw. Also: Muriel Bowen on *The Washington Season*

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Winter in the Bahamas

18-hole golf course here opened at the beginning of this month. Jack Kay, one of the best known Canadian "pros," has been installed as professional and the attractive golf club-house opened last week with Jerry O'Dowd as barman. He was at the Mirabelle before going out to Round Hill, Montego Bay. New tennis courts on the edge of the golf course were also opened last week, and I am told that I would not recognize the place, so beautifully has the landscaping been done.

The residential country club with 50 bedrooms, near the course and right on the sea at Lyford Cay, already has the roof on but it will not be opened until 1 December, 1959. Incidentally, a great advantage of this golden island is that there are no death duties for anyone owning property out here.

You can get riding in Nassau, and enjoy the excellent flat racing by flying across for the day to Hialeah, near Miami, one of the finest racecourses in America.

Opening-up the houses

Others who will be out in the Bahamas in the New Year will be Sir Malcolm & Lady McAlpine. Guests this year at their Nassau home will include Sir Charles & Lady Bruce Gardner and Sir Malcolm's cousin Viscount Gwynedd and his attractive wife, who are later moving on to Jamaica. Also going out are Comte & Comtesse Guy de la Frégonnière, who have a home in Nassau, Lord Beaverbrook and Sir Victor Sassoon, who both have homes on this glorious island, Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Bryce who have three houses out here, and Lady Baillie. Her home is on Hog Island, where she always has a succession of friends to stay.

Princess Djordjodze is going out to stay with Mr. & Mrs. Carl Holmes. Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy Dugdale (who sail on the Cunard liner Caronia next week) will be at their home on Hog Island and Vera, Lady Broughton, who sails in the same ship, goes to stay in Nassau with Mrs. Sigrist.

Mr. David Brown, joint-Master of the

Left: Nassau's Yacht Haven and the Pilot House Club. Top: After the first game on the new golf course at Lyford Cay, Nassau, Viscount Hardinge (he lives in Montreal), Jack Kay (the golf professional), Mr. James Muir (chairman of the Royal Bank of Canada) and Mr. P. Potter of Nassau. Mrs. E. Phillips of Biarritz (right, with her son Mr. Dru Montagu) was the first woman golfer on the new course. Above, left: The Duke & Duchess of Sutherland, wintering in Nassau

South Oxfordshire hounds and head of several successful businesses including Aston Martin Motors, will be at his Nassau home early in the New Year with his wife. He is now taking an active interest in the local Bahamian Airways, which expand yearly to the outer islands.

Mr. & Mrs. Alan Butler fly out early in the New Year to stay at their new property on one of the outer islands. Viscount Astor is hoping to get out to the Bahamas in February; he is one of the landowners at Lyford Cay as are the Earl of Feversham, American Mr. Stephen Briggs (whose new house is nearly finished), Mr. George Wyckoff of Pittsburgh whose house at the bay is well under way, and Mr. & Mrs. Allan Miller who hope to get down to their charming house, also on the bay, early in February.

Mayor at a débutante party

I looked in for a short time at the enjoyable cocktail party Mrs. Raymond Greene gave in Eaton Square for her pretty débutante daughter Annabel. Most of the guests were young people, among them Miss Georgina Turner, Mr. George Courtauld, Miss Sarah Bowater (who was in the U.S. with her parents in the early autumn), Miss Sally O'Rourke, Miss Melanie Lowson, the Hon. Malcolm Mitchell-Thomson, Mr. Edward Dawson, Miss Rosamund Coldstream, Mr. Peter Glossop, Lord Montgomerie, Mr. Charles Clifford and many more.

The older guests I met were Col. Glyn and his wife (whose daughter Amanda makes her début next year), Mrs. Richard Thomas who lives part of the year in Portugal and also has a girl coming out next season, Mr. & Mrs. Terence Morrison Scott, and the Mayor of Chelsea, Mr. Marsden Smedley, who brought his daughter Henrietta.

White-and-blue wedding

Bouquets of white flowers tied with blue ribbon were fixed on the outside of alternate pews right up the aisle, and large vases of

white flowers were placed in the chancel of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the marriage (picture, p. 792) of Mr. John Stourton, younger son of the Hon. John Stourton & Mrs. Kathleen Stourton to Miss Virginia Hordern, twin daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Basil Hordern. The bride, who wore a dress of white satin with a tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara, had her twin sister Miss Joanna Hordern as the one older bridesmaid, in pale blue satin.

There were three pages, the Hon. Gerard Noel, Edward Stourton and John Crowder, with four child bridesmaids, Lady Juliana, Lady Maria and Lady Celestina Noel, with Miss Roberta Buchanan. They carried out the colour scheme of pale blue and white.

Outside diamond tie pin

The bride's parents held a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents (his father being most conspicuous wearing a scarlet brocade waistcoat and large diamond tie pin with his morning coat!). Several members of the big Stourton family were present, among them the bridegroom's uncle Lord Mowbray & Stourton, the Hon. Charles & the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, the Hon. Mrs. Petre Crowder, the bridegroom's sister the Countess of Gainsborough with the Earl of Gainsborough and their elder son Viscount Campden (their four younger children were in the bridal retinue).

Also: Mr. Michael & Lady Joan Stourton, Mrs. Henry Greig, Mrs. Harrison Wallace who is off to her home in Jamaica in the Caronia next month, her sister Mrs. Buchel and their brother Mr. Ivo Stourton. Mr. Frederick Gough, M.P., proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom with an amusing speech which he delivered standing on a table beside the young couple and their wedding cake.

There to wish them luck were the Dowager Countess of Gainsborough and her daughter Lady Dormer, Lady Devonport, attractive in black and just back, she told me, from

continued on page 796



At Mill Farm, Ewen, a regimental

CROSS-COUNTRY RACE

was held by the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry

and the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars



Some of the competitors moving off at the start of the race watched by spectators on a wagon

The Hon. George Bathurst with Miss Mary Vachell. He competed for the Yeomanry

C. Palmer



Capt. H. Dawney with Lt. C. Spence. They helped with the running of the race



Mrs. Michael Allsopp of the Old Berkshire Hunt and Mrs. James Morrison of the Beaufort Hunt



Major Michael Watson farms near Cirencester. He rode for the Yeomanry



Lady Apsley presented the cup to Mr. G. J. Phillips



Miss S. St. George (from the Beaufort country) and Mrs. D. Lowsley-Williams

Mr. Anthony Kershaw, M.P. (C.O. of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, the winning team), and Miss Carolyn Kershaw

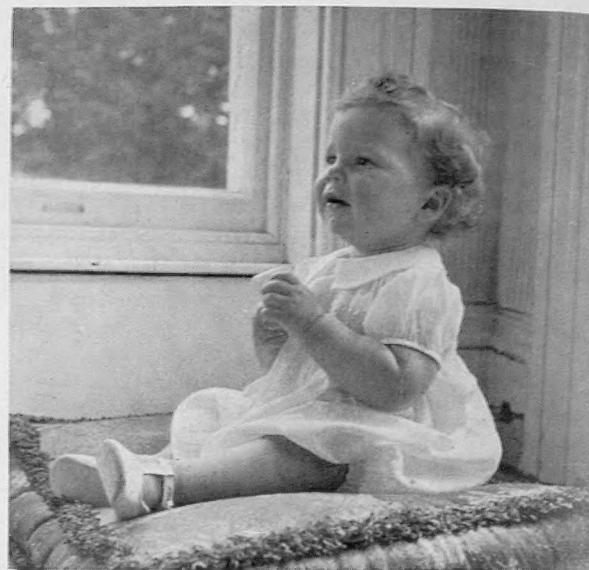




GEORGE RICHARD,
one year, son of
Brigadier & Mrs.
Ronald Bolton, The
Old Rectory, Ladbroke,
Warwickshire

Heather Craufurd

THE HON. CHARLES FRENCH, 16 months,
son of Lord & Lady de Freyne,
The Old Glebe House,
Shanklin, Co. Dublin



Other People's Babies

convalescing in Italy, her débutante daughter the Hon. Marilyn Kearley who is now enjoying a season's hunting, Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Swinden, Mrs. Lobby Villar, Mrs. George Jackson, Lady Cayzer and her son Sir James Cayzer, and Mrs. Grant-Ferris, who told me her husband, Cdr. Grant-Ferris, M.P., had gone out to Rome.

They loved "West Side"

"Thrilling," "tremendous" and "exciting" were among the adjectives flying about in the interval at the first night of the new and dynamic American musical *West Side Story* at Her Majesty's Theatre. It is indeed exciting, and so refreshingly new and different that everyone should see it. In the audience on the opening night I saw good-looking Princess Joan Aly Khan escorted by Viscount Camrose, and Sir Cyril Salmon who brought his stepdaughter, the Hon. Clodagh Morris, and his son and pretty daughter-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. David Salmon. The Minister for Defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, easily the most social of all our Ministers, was there, also Lord & Lady Colyton, Mr. Cecil Madden and his pretty daughter Miss Mardie Madden, Lord & Lady Ogilvy and Dame Margot Fonteyn accompanied by her mother.

The stage was well represented: Two impresarios, Mr. Emile and Mr. Prince Littler, were in the stalls, also Joyce Grenfell who moved round greeting friends, Dorothy Dickson who sat in her seat while friends came to her, Dorothy Ward of pantomime fame, Noel Harrison and Noël Coward; the latter, as always, blowing kisses across the stalls on his arrival. (See also: *Anthony Cookman* p. 810, pictures p. 811.)

At the Cresta ball

From here I went on to the Cresta ball at the Savoy (pictures opposite) attended by many winter sports enthusiasts. This ball is held annually by members of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club to raise money to build the famous Cresta run at St. Moritz and maintain it throughout the season. Many leading lights of the club were there including the president Mr. Douglas Connor, one of the finest Cresta riders in the world (incidentally he holds nearly every record on the run). He and his lovely wife Helen had

flown over from Canada for a few days, arriving only that morning.

At the next table were two ex-presidents, Lord Brabazon of Tara and Lt.-Col. Jimmy Coats. Lady Brabazon was with her husband and their party included, besides Col. Coats, their son the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon, the hon. treasurer and his wife, Mr. & Mrs. Grunebaum (he used to ride on the Cresta) who had come up from Gloucestershire, Mr. & Mrs. George Spicer who live at Hartley Wintney and had just returned from a holiday in North Africa, Cdr. David Kelly, R.N., down from the north, Miss Christine Crabbe, Mr. John de Putron and Miss Elizabeth Barnes.

A tobogganing family

Viscount Bledisloe, one of the vice-presidents, & Viscountess Bledisloe had a party including their sons the Hon. Christopher and the Hon. David Bathurst, who like their father both ride on the Cresta. Mr. Carl Nater, another vice-president, and his wife were there and of course Mr. Fairchild's McCarthy the indefatigable secretary of the club who annually goes out to St. Moritz and takes charge of all racing and practices on the run.

Mrs. Vernon Pope was again the hard-working chairman of the ball committee and looked chic in blue satin. I also saw there Mr. & Mrs. John Crammond, Col. & Mrs. Archie Duncan, Miss Monica Michel, Mr. Campbell Moody and Rear-Admiral G. C. Ross, chairman of the Combined Services Winter Sports Association. He told me he had only left New York at mid-day. This association has done much in recent years to help men in the three Services (and some ex-Service personnel) by their winter sports holiday scheme which has been operating at St. Moritz for seven years. It now also operates at other resorts including Kitzbühel, Zurs, St. Anton, Badgastein, Grindelwald, St. Cergne, Sestriere, Zermatt, Scheidegg, Wengernalp and Klosters.

Limbering-up

Among the large number of young St. Moritz enthusiasts at the ball (some of whom



SIMON, 11 months, with his
mother, Mrs. Christopher Keeling, of
Lamont Road, Chelsea. His father is the
son of the late Sir Edward Keeling

Bassano

continued on page 798

Miss Jane Lee-Warner and Mr. Jeremy Taylor (he is studying at Trinity College, Cambridge)

Mr. Neil Young (he is a chartered accountant) and Miss Ingrid Burness (she is a student)

Miss Penny Uprichard with Mr. Graham Smith (he is a member of the Smith clock-making firm)



Above: Miss Ann Burstall (she works at the American Embassy) with Mr. David Gent

For winter-sports enthusiasts

The Ski Club's ball

A PRE-SEASON EVENT AT THE EATON SQUARE H.Q. OF THE SKI CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN



Desmond O'Neill

Miss Dreenagh Chavasse and Mr. Christopher March (he is employed in the Foreign Service)



Viscount & Viscountess Bledisloe. He is a well-known Cresta rider

Brodrick Haldane



The Earl of Kimberley and Miss Beverley Roberts. He is a regular visitor to St. Moritz



Mrs. Douglas Connor. Her husband is the president of the St. Moritz tobogganing club



The Hon. Mrs. Derek Moore Brabazon with Mr. W. G. Spice

For winter-sports enthusiasts

The Cresta ball

HELD BY THE ST. MORITZ TOBOGGANING CLUB AT THE SAVOY HOTEL IN LONDON

Top: The Master of Reay (his father is Lord Reay, Chief of Clan Mackay) with Miss V. McNair Scott

continued from page 796

took part in the toboggan races across the ballroom floor) were the Hon. Robin Dixon and his attractive fiancée Miss Rona Colville who are going to spend their honeymoon ski-ing and bobbing in Switzerland, Mr. & Mrs. Keith Schellenberg, Miss Elizabeth Ann Ellsworth-Jones, Mr. John Shipton, Capt. Dick Daniel (captain of the Army team on the Cresta) and Lord Bingham. Also present were Air Vice-Marshal Ramsay Rae, Cdr. D. Loram, Lt.-Cdr. G. H. Mann and Col. J. G. Jeans.

Aboard a new liner

I spent a most interesting day at Southampton where I went all over the Union Castle Line's new R.M.S. Pendennis Castle (29,000 tons), and had lunch aboard her.

She can carry 539 tourist passengers, 197 first-class passengers and a crew of 419. The cost of the fare from London to Cape Town varies from approximately £100 tourist to £450 first-class, or you can take a luxury suite for one or two, which costs £900. The décor, done under the guidance of Mr. Bernard Cayzer, a deputy-chairman of the Union Castle Line, with Miss Jean Munro, is bright and gay, though restful.

We did a thorough tour, from the ship's kitchens right up to the charthouse and wheelhouse, under the guidance of Barnes, one of the company's efficient stewards. First we went through the tourist quarters and saw the well-designed cabins, the big dining-room in blue and jade green, the charming, roomy library, the airy lounge, the harlequin bar and smokeroom and the blue-tiled swimming pool.

From here we went to the up-to-date kitchens where the cooking is done by electricity. Among other modern devices I saw a long row of plate-heaters which automatically brings the plates to the top in piles, piping hot. From here we went up to the first-class where the ordinary cabins are charming and luxury cabins the last word in comfort. Among the public rooms are the lounge with a fascinating large screen of Filigrana glass, the smokeroom, the library, the card and writing-room and the lido and first-class swimming pool; all on the promenade deck.

The first-class dining-room on a lower deck is cleverly designed on two levels with a charming private dining-room adjoining for personal luncheon, dinner or cocktail parties—a most peaceful room with Louis XV décor.

On my tour I met Mr. Matcham, who has been a steward with this line for 50 years.

Sir Nicholas Cayzer, chairman of the Union Castle Line (which in January 1956 merged with the Clan Line to form the British and Commonwealth Shipping Company), presided at the luncheon in the first-class dining-room.

Lucky passengers sailing in the Pendennis Castle to-morrow on her first voyage to South Africa and sunshine will be Sir John Maud, our recently appointed High Commissioner to South Africa, & Lady Maud, Sir John & Lady Hanbury Williams, Sir Arthur Griffin, economic adviser to British protectorates in South Africa, Sir Albert & Lady Stern and Sir Frederick Wells, who are regular travellers on this line each winter, Brig. & Mrs. Carleton Harrison, Sir Archibald Boyd and Mr. Bernard Cayzer.

Princess Alexandra goes to an

Edwardian ball

given by the Byam Shaw

Art School in Kensington

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN VINES



Mr. Charles Stuart (the illustrator and a former student and teacher at the Byam Shaw Art School) with Mrs. James Coleridge (the secretary of the ball committee) and Mrs. Carmalt-Jones (the chairman of the committee)



Mrs. Grumbar. She wore lace, a favourite with the Edwardians



Mrs. Julius Schofield in an Edwardian afternoon dress and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Dunne



Princess Alexandra (centre) with Mr. Donald Marre who danced with her, and Miss Elizabeth Riches (a senior art student and daughter of a surgeon)



Miss Salma Ikramullah, elder daughter of the Pakistani High Commissioner here



Miss Eila Grahame with Miss Frances Waddington and Capt. Hervey. The Byam Shaw School is the last big private art school in London



At the tombola: Miss Naz Ikramullah (daughter of the High Commissioner of Pakistan), Miss Allison Jenson and Miss Anna Smith. All are students at the Byam Shaw Art School



Mr. Ryan and Mrs. Guest



Right: Miss Jane Pelling in an original Edwardian ball dress with a tulle bodice



Miss Belinda Crossby wearing a feather hat, the height of fashion in the early 1900s

EVENINGS OUT

in London

Below: Col. F. H. Lister and Col. E. St. J. Birnie, looking for their names on the table plan

THE SHIKAR CLUB'S
DINNER (*this page*)

THE LIBERAL BALL
(*opposite page, top*)

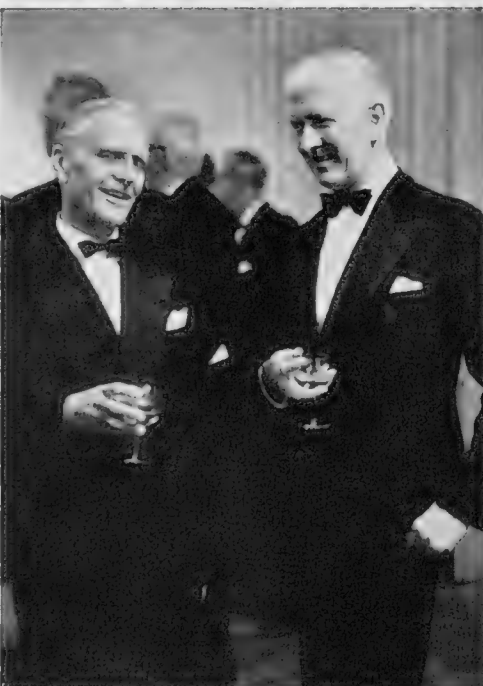
THE DOWNSIDE, ASCOT
& AMPLEFORTH DANCE
(*opposite page, bottom*)



Mr. Frank Wallace, the artist and author. He has organized the Shikar Club dinners since 1923



Below: Maj.-Gen. Iskander Mirza (until lately President of Pakistan, right) with Brig. G. W. Burton and Mr. R. A. H. Coombes, a zoologist



Left: Mr. Peter Hordern (he comes from Kent) with Lord Kilmarnock. To qualify, members must have pursued big game with a rifle abroad

Prince Charles of Hanover and Brig. Robert Daniell. The annual dinner was held at the Savoy Hotel



A. V. Swaabe



Extreme left: The chairman of the club, Brig. the Lord Lovat

Col. P. W. North, at 87, is one of the oldest members. He comes from Westmorland



Desmond O'Neill

At the Liberal Ball: Countess Temple of Stowe with Mrs. Digby Vane, whose husband has been a Liberal candidate



Mr. John Carleton (Headmaster of Westminster) and Mrs. L. F. Sheridan. Her husband is in public relations



Mrs. G. Collins and Mrs. P. Brunner. They were chairmen of the ball, organized by the Liberal Social Council

Mrs. Joseph Grimond (her husband is the leader of the Liberal Party) and her mother, Lady Violet Bonham Carter



Lady Stamp. Her husband is one of the Liberal peers in the Lords



Lady (Felix) Brunner with Mr. D. A. S. Gladstone. He is at Christ Church, Oxford, and is a great-great-nephew of the great Liberal Prime Minister



Lord Rea, leader of the Liberal peers in the House of Lords

At the Downside, Ascot & Ampleforth Ball (right): Captain & Mrs. Maurice French. Captain French was president of the ball



Miss Lavinia French (the ball secretary) and Mr. M. E. Thesiger. He was treasurer of the ball



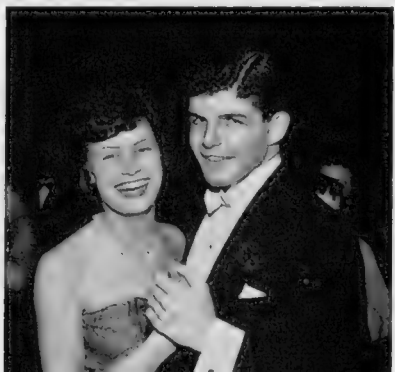
Below: Miss Kim Smith and Mr. Colin Sutherland, who was at Ampleforth. The event was in aid of scholarship funds

Below: Mrs. R. Weisweiler and Mr. J. Byrt. The ball was at the Dorchester for Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth schools

Desmond O'Neill



Miss Ann Hardy (she was at school at Ascot) danced in one of the reels



JUBILEE Sculptor Mr. Loris Rey (with his secretary Miss Durand) finalizes arrangements for tonight's Chelsea Arts Ball, the 50th of the series. He has been organizing this annual event since 1946. Shown behind is Feliks Topolski's sketch for the 100 ft. by 60 ft. backcloth depicting revellers from the '20s to the present day around the central figure of Augustus John. The first ball was held at Covent Garden, moving to the Albert Hall in 1910



NEWS PORTRAITS

Photographed by Alan Vines

JOURNEY Dissatisfied with the presentation of Britain abroad, a group of American wives of Englishmen have organized an exhibition of contemporary British craftsmanship to tour America and Canada. Their display, under the Queen's patronage, will be opened by the British Ambassador at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington on 10 January. The working committee comprises (below left) Mrs. Hyam Morrison, Lady Archibald Jamieson, Mrs. Norman Laski and Mrs. Stanley Field





The Waterborne Weekend—a
guide by Elizabeth Smart

How to deal with a mad sailor

DIGNITY A British civil servant has just been elected chairman of UNESCO's Executive Board. He is Sir Ben Bowen Thomas, Permanent Secretary to the Welsh Department of the Ministry of Education. The Executive Board, of which Sir Ben has been a member since 1954, is largely advisory in practice, but its chairman ranks second to the director-general in this world-wide organization

DECISION Sir Stuart Mallinson and Alderman R. A. Dalton (Mayor of Woodford & Wanstead and patron of the Sir Winston Churchill Commemoration Fund) study a picture of David McFall's controversial statue of Churchill. Despite some local opposition, their committee has decided to go ahead with the plan to erect the statue. Sited at the edge of Epping Forest, it will be unveiled next summer by Viscount Montgomery. The statue will be the first of Sir Winston Churchill to be set up outdoors



WHEN I say sailor I don't mean one of those nice gentle reasonable R.N. or Merchant Navy fellows.* I mean people who have small boats and go sailing. These are quite different and all quite, quite mad—while sailing, anyhow. Something seems to come over even shy gentlemanly people when they get control of a boat. Is it a delirious sense of power? An Old Man of the Sea Thing (Man's Indomitable Spirit, &c.)? A primeval survival instinct waking to frenzied action?

Hard to say. But since boats and their consequences are, so to speak, in the air, a few do's and don'ts for those about to accept their first invitation to a sail might save a lot of pleasant friendships from sudden and ugly disruption.

In the first place: rid your mind of all those soppy songs about "sailing to Paradise... to far distant horizons... into the sunset," &c. The very tunes you hum them to put entirely wrong ideas into your head and make the reality far more of a shock. There may be those swan-like moments, but they're not likely to be yours. The man doing the sailing may have them, but you won't notice. You'll be paralysed by what's gone before, and fear of what's to come. And cold, of course.

Secondly, don't think of "yachts." The word is too mixed up with romantic ideas of luxury like mink-covered ashtrays and indoor swimming pools and bronzed smiling strangers. There *are* floating palaces, no doubt, on which you could wear your floating chiffon and spiralled Dior heels and laugh silvery laughter at the warnings that follow. I am presuming that your invitation is not from Onassis. You have been asked to go sailing somewhere in England, in English weather, with an English man.

DO'S ABOUT BEHAVIOUR: Forget everything you ever knew about ordinary behaviour. Obey the skipper *instantly*. Forget you ever talked to him on equal terms. Don't hesitate or question. Just carry out

*In fact, there's a well-known proverb: "The three most useless things on a boat are a wheelbarrow, a cow, and a naval officer."

his orders. This is hard if you don't know what his order means. But see "Vital Knowledge" below. Whatever it is, it's urgent. Sometimes he may be so excited that you can't even *hear* what he says. But this, and its consequences, is just one of those inevitable first-time horrors. Keep out of his way. Try not to move much. Keep hold of something firm. Keep a look out. Be flexible, and able to leap from one crouching position to another.

DON'TS ABOUT BEHAVIOUR:

"Never mutter hatch or hitch
Unless you're certain which is which."

In fact, say nothing. Don't open your mouth except to gasp. You're bound to be wrong and the risk isn't worth it. *Never* praise any boat with a motor in it. Don't praise *any* other boats or even comment on them. These matters take years of knowledge, of course, but the point is your host's emotions are all passionately bound up with his own boat. Don't be sick to windward.

DO'S ABOUT CLOTHES: Do go prepared to get icy cold and soaking wet: to have your face red and raw and your hands chapped. Take thick cream for your face. Wear jeans or old trousers that dry quickly. Wear several layers of sweaters with something light and waterproof on top like a proofed sailcloth or oilskin jacket. Nine times it's cold, the tenth time it might be hot, so you can shed as need be. Wear gym shoes or canvas beach shoes with covered toes and a good foot-gripping fit. Wear a lifebelt if you can't swim or if you are going far out to sea.

There are two schools of thought about gloves. Some say you can't hang on tight enough *with* them. Others say you're hands are agony *without* them. Better have them, just in case. Masculine and feminine clothes and appearance are practically indistinguishable. Tie up your hair or tuck it under a clinging unnoticeable cap.

DON'TS ABOUT CLOTHES: No open-toed sandals that flap and leave your toes to get caught in the ropes. No rubber boots that

continued on page 812



FOR £712 10s. 6d.: the
Carefree motor-boat
by *Fairey-Campbell*



Vernon Stratton

THE TATLER
& Bystander
31 Dec. 1958
804

THE 1959 BOAT SHOW REVIEW

From 'cats' to 'flats'

PRESENTED BY JAMES BARTLETT

FOR £397: the 16-ft. "Yacht-
ing Monthly" Senior sloop

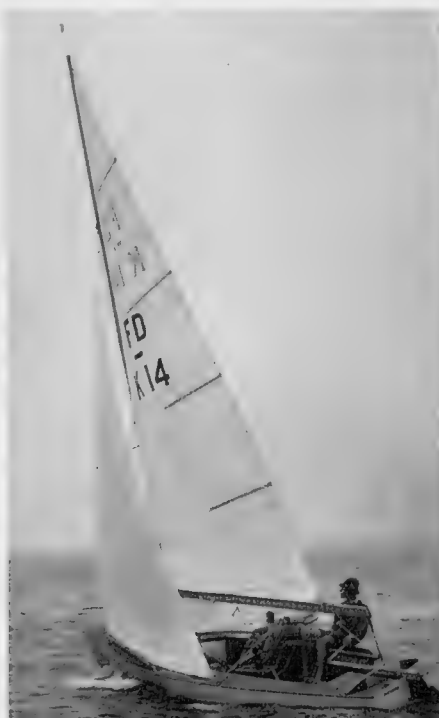


FOR £8,000: the *Geranium*
type 42-ft. motor yacht, fast
and elegant



FOR £214: the *Shearwater III*
catamaran, for safer sail-
ing in blustery weather

FOR £350: the *International*
Flying Dutchman racing
dinghy chosen for the Olympics



A BOAT SHOW in the winter is like a tonic. You step out of a January day in the Hammersmith Road and find yourself dreaming about the seafront of six months ahead. You think about what summer ought to be like as you stare up at the white sails of the yachts in Olympia. The glossy varnished hull of a river cruiser reminds you of the joys of lazy days on the river and the water keeping you cool in the hot sun.

What about the prices? Forget the idea that you can't have a yacht unless you're an old-fashioned millionaire. It's not true. If you can afford motoring you can afford yachting. Anyone who has a car can have a boat, as you will see at the 5th National Boat Show, now one of the world's biggest showplaces for all who love boats.

There are 313 different craft at Olympia ranging from six-foot folding dinghies to a 56-foot Deborine ten-berth motor-cruiser, which you can keep in your own fancied harbour for something like £25,000 (Stand 44—ground floor.)

Unlike the New York Show, which is dominated by power craft (there were only 32 sailing boats in last year's show out of more than 500 craft), Olympia still reflects a traditional British affection for sail. One hundred boats are for sailing compared with about 140 power-driven craft, the rest being rowing dinghies or canoes.

But the show has its reminders that about 40 million people in our seafaring nation would hardly know port from starboard if they got into a boat on their own. You can book for a quick beginner's course before next summer with the principals of the sailing schools. (Stands 165, 166 & 167—second floor.)

But away with this timid approach to the sea! Sweep in through the turnstiles and pick your own boat. Here is a guide to how far your cheque-book will stretch.

UNDER £250

There is plenty to offer within this limit. Just look at the 16 ft. 6 in. *Shearwater III* catamarans (and remember that the knowing ones invariably call these twin-hulled fast craft "cats"). On a blustery gale-threatened day at Cowes when most other small craft stayed safely ashore, two of us went roaring out in one of these cats to race alongside Prince Philip, who was trying out a bigger one for the first time. He had never been so fast before under sail. It was a new sailing thrill; we were touching near 20 knots—and

from that moment, cats have been U-craft, even for the Royal Yacht Squadron. Price—£214, less sails. (Stand 81—ground floor.)

For youngsters or for single-handed cat sailing, there is the new 12 ft. 6 in. Catkin at £140. (Stand 62—ground floor.) And if you still prefer the single-hull kind of boat for your single-handed sailing, there's the Jack Holt-designed Solo for £129. (Stand 61—ground floor.) Slightly over the £100 limit is the topically-named 11-ft. sailing dinghy, Eleven Plus. Price £105, less sails. (Stand 163—second floor.)

Of course you can save money by building your own boat, and kits start from as low as £10. Even Uffa Fox, the old master, is now in the build-it-yourself field with a new Pegasus 14-footer, which makes up like a professional-built boat. Incidentally, it costs just over the £100 as a kit and £150 made up. (Stand 74—ground floor.) In the Build-It-Yourself Boatyard the working craftsmen demonstrate that if you have some spare time you could easily make yourself a boat.

BETWEEN £250 & £500

Going up... to £397, which will buy you a professionally-built Senior 16-ft. two-berth sloop—you can build it yourself for half the price if you wish. (Stand 96—first floor.) Good value in the same line is a 19-ft. Leeward three-berth sloop for estuaries and inland waters with occasional coastal cruising. Price £395. (Stand 69—ground floor.)

Dreaming of Olympic fame? Well, there's the International Flying Dutchman, a two-man centre-boarder which will be one of the five classes at the Olympic Games in Rome in 1960. It's yours for around £350. (Stand 5.) You might be attracted by a gay twin-colour glass-fibre runabout for five or six people. Price £345. (Stand 79.)

But if the international glamour has fascinated you what about an International 14-footer which brought Uffa Fox racing into fame 30 years ago and has attracted some of the finest small-boat helmsmen ever since. Price £287, less sails. Or the International Finn, the single-handed sailing class boat for the Rome Olympics. Price £220, less sails. (Stands 62 & 195.)

FROM £500 TO £1,000

If you are out for speed on the water, one of the fastest boats in the show is Simmond's custom-built five-seater speedboat which can touch 40 m.p.h. Not that any yachtsmen will cheer you if you travel past them at that rate in enclosed waters! Price £835. (Stand 4—ground floor.) If you would rather stay still on the water for most of the time there is the ingenious four-berth 25-ft. Flat-Afloat which has made its appearance on the Broads at a hiring fee of £16 a week. You can buy this little floating home and cruise occasionally with it when you fancy for £795. (Stand 79—ground floor.)

Still on the theme of a resting place rather than a boat, two new developments are worth looking at because they could answer the problem of where to stay if you just want small-boat day-sailing in some remote local water (or even at some spot where every hotel is full). The Crew Van is not only a conventional four-berth touring van with toilet and end-kitchen it can also carry a boat up to 15 ft. long when being towed behind the car. Price £550. (Stand 53—ground floor.) The Aquarelle combination caravan and dinghy trailer has a similar purpose and costs from £450 to £600. (Stand 225—second floor.)

If you want to take the caravan into the water with you, look at the Amphibian Otter, which can do just that. Price £500. (Stand 48—ground floor.)

FROM £1,000 TO £5,000

Now consider the South Coast One design, a fast cruising six-tonner which does well in passage races or round-the-buoys. Price: around £2,200 without engine, it is built by seven approved boatyards.

A Gay-class 29-ft. Broads cruiser which you might hire this summer has spacious accommodation for

continued overleaf



FOR £345: the *Dusky Queen* glass-fibre runabout—by Graham Bunns



FOR £795: the 40-m.p.h. *Simmond's* custom-built speedboat, a five-seater



FOR £105: the 11-ft. *Eleven Plus* sailing dinghy. Made by Kitboats



FOR £6,500: the 11-ton *Belmore* ocean racer, which competed in the classic New York-Bermuda



FOR £795: the four-berth *Flat-Afloat*, a floating home for the Broads



FOR £150: the new 14-ft. Pegasus racing dinghy. Designed by Uffa Fox (at the tiller) it can be built from a kit (£100)

BOAT SHOW REVIEW *continued*

four people and can be bought outright for £2,065. (Stand 40—ground floor.)

Or there is the popular Atalanta sailing cruiser with room for six, which is seagoing but can float in 18 in. of water, be towed behind a car on its trailer (extra cost) and be used as a caravan en route. Price—£1,675. (Stand 77—ground floor.)

Switching to power again there is the Freeman 22-ft. four-berth cabin cruiser built of reinforced plastic with mahogany interior priced most reasonably at £1,355. (Stand 25—ground floor.)

Another family sailing cruiser, the 4½-ton Caravel, with three fixed berths and a pipe-cot, just tops the £1,000 mark even complete with Terylene sails and full cruising gear. Price—£1,075. (Stand 13.)

ABOVE £5,000

There's a fast and elegant four-berth Geranium-type motor yacht, 42-ft. long, which will move you along at nearly 21 knots. Price £8,000. (Stand 34—ground floor.) Or the Dolphin Clipper, a 20-tonner with accommodation for five or six people, including a ladies' suite with fitted dressing table and shower bath. Price £7,850. (Stand 82—ground floor.)

If you are an ocean-racing enthusiast, look at Meon Maid II, sister ship to the 11-ton Belmore which raced last summer in the classic New York-Bermuda race. Price £6,500. (Stand 10—ground floor.)

A twin-engine 40-ft. Star cruiser, big enough to sleep seven to ten people or pack a big party in for a day's outing, will cost you £6,450. (Stand 43.)

Back to sail again and here is the 11-ton offshore racer Vashti, champion racer of the East coast during 1958, owned by J. Maurice Laing of the contracting firm. One like it—but with no guarantee that you will sail it so expertly—will cost £5,900. (Stand 8.)

There's a bad old custom in the boat trade of pricing sailing craft as "complete," when what the boatbuilders mean is that only the hull, mast and fittings are complete, but the sails cost extra. It is most misleading for new customers. After all, the sails are the engine of a sailing boat but you would expect to be quoted a price for a car including the engine. Not just the chassis and body. . . .



FOR £550: the Gatehead four-berth crew van

The Hogmanay toast

WHAT'S WHAT ABOUT WHISKY. . .

DROPLETS BY ALEXANDER SELDON

There are more than 3,000 different brands of whisky, but only about 100 distilleries operating in Scotland.

The word "whisky" comes from the Gaelic *usquebaugh*, meaning "water of life"; sometimes also used in its Latin form "*aqua vitae*."

Scotch whisky must by law be distilled "in Scotland from a mash of cereal grain saccharified by the diastase of malt and have been matured in warehouse in cask for a period of at least three years." This allows three kinds—malt, grain or, more likely, blended whisky.

The Scottish Exchequer Rolls for 1494 include an entry of "eight bolls of malt to Friar John Cor wherewith to make aquavita."

No one knows what gives malt whisky its distinctive flavour and bouquet. Water has a lot to do with it and two neighbouring streams supplying the same distillery may produce whiskies with different characters.

Only a fraction of the whisky sold today is pure malt. Blended brands containing a mixture of malt and grain whiskies are the real basis of the whisky market.

Malt whisky—made of barley—comes mostly from Speyside and also from the Orkneys and the Island of Islay. It is distilled twice in a pot still, and is strong and heady and best drunk after strenuous exercise in the open air.

Grain whisky, made from malted barley with unmalted cereals such as maize, rye and oats, is lighter in weight and less distinctive in taste. It is distilled in a single continuous process in a "Coffey-still," invented by Aeneas Coffey in 1831.

No two distillations, even from the same distillery, are identical. By blending to his own formula, a blender can produce a uniform standard used every year.

Blenders never reveal their recipe, they say that blending is one of the more occult arts, like necromancy.

A blender's recipe includes several whiskies, usually half malt and half grain, and this produces a lighter drink than malt whisky—more suitable for adulteration with ginger ale or ice.

Unlike claret or burgundy, the whisky label does not (except for pure malt), proclaim its year and place of origin. Only the address of the blender is given—most likely in the Lowlands.

The age of the whisky is important only up to a point. Whisky matures only in the cask. Malt whiskies need seven to twelve years to mature fully; grain whisky less time. After twenty years in the cask an unpleasant "woody" flavour develops.

The bouquet of whisky is not improved by warming the glass in your hand.

Distillers lose three million gallons a year from evaporation while the whisky is maturing in order to ensure that only a mellow spirit is sold as Scotch. Even when coloured—in the cask, or with caramel sugar or prune juice—it is still a true spirit.

"A malt whisky," said Neil Gunn, "makes manifest the works of creation and leads the basest man to bless his enemy."

A Highland distillery





A PICTURE REPORT ON
LONDON'S HOMES AFLOAT
BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Sir Reginald Kerr and the St. Pancras Yacht Basin. General Manager of British Transport Waterways, he is a yachtsman himself

Where the water way of life beats winter

FOR YACHTSMEN LIVING IN LONDON, THE WINTER NEED NO longer be a time when owner and boat are miles apart.

In the heart of the capital, between King's Cross and St. Pancras stations, is the St. Pancras Yacht Basin, opened as recently as October. This former coaling basin (converted by British Transport Waterways at a cost, so far, of £5,000) is now a yacht harbour where sailing enthusiasts can moor their craft and work on them throughout the year. There is room for 60 vessels of up to 4½ feet draught.

Already it contains more than two dozen boats of varying types and sizes and several are undergoing winter refits. This was one of the purposes for which the basin was intended. The moorings are designed for the casual visitor, the owner who wants to visit his craft to work on her for a few hours during the week without having to make a long journey down to the sea, or the summertime sailor cruising along Britain's 2,000 miles of inland waterways who wants to spend a few days in London.

Entrance to the basin is from the Thames at either Brentford or Stepney or via the River Lee at Bow, and the trip through London has been a unique experience for owners who have sailed into St. Pancras for the first time.

The St. Pancras authorities discourage owners from living on

continued overleaf

Mr. F. J. Plant, 45 years a lock-keeper, is now the Waterways' representative at the St. Pancras basin





HOTELIER Mr. M. J. O'Brien on his 41-ft. *Nezoumi*, one of the largest boats moored in the *St. Pancras* basin. He lives only a few miles away and is converting and refitting the boat himself in his spare time

L.C.C. OFFICER Mr. W. Honey and his wife aboard their 40-ft. schooner *Pytheas*, normally moored in the *Medway* but in the *St. Pancras* basin for the winter. They are planning their fourth foreign cruise next summer



SUNDAY RENDEZVOUS on *Tagg's Island* is the *Casino Hotel's* Cabin Bar. Assembled here: Mr. Lionel Ward, Mr. H. E. Francis-Stead and Mr. R. G. Finch, rear-commodore of *The Islanders' Club* which has 108 members and holds regattas

Homes afloat in London

continued

their boats in the basin because the location is not suitable for a permanent floating community. But 14 miles away at Hampton is one of the finest residential moorings in the country. *Tagg's Island*, once the rendezvous of sophisticated Edwardians, is surrounded by a unique collection of first-class houseboats and sailing craft, most of whose owners live aboard. Many of them are City businessmen with families, and apart from the pleasure of living on a boat they list various advantages: homes afloat are easy to run, healthier and often cheaper.

The residents have started *The Islanders' Club* in the luxurious *Casino Hotel* which stands on the island, and regattas for the motor-cruisers are held during the summer. Any idea that living aboard a boat (even in winter) is uncomfortable is dismissed when one visits the owners at home. Well furnished and well heated, the boats are more likely to arouse envy.

Living on either side of one of the world's greatest rivers, Londoners are remarkably slow to take advantage of the facilities for the life afloat in the capital. The sailing enthusiast and the man who just wants to live on the water are both catered for.

TEXT continued
from page 807



SECRETARY Miss Madge Skinner on her houseboat *Velma* at *Tagg's Island*, which has been a family home for 25 years. The hull was captured in the 1914-18 war

A MINIATURE piano swings aboard Mr. F. Isaac's ketch *Petrellen*. He has moored at *Tagg's Island* for a winter refit





COMMODORE of *The Islanders' Club* is Crazy Gang comedian Jimmy Nervo. He owns *Lady Campbell*, a motor-cruiser that once belonged to Fred Karno

AN AMERICAN'S WIFE (below), Mrs. R. W. Hudson lives aboard a 14-ton motor-yacht, *Shirah*. Her husband is a civil engineer. They have moored at Tagg's Island since April this year



SALES MANAGER for an airline, Mr. D. J. Platt and his family are newcomers to Tagg's Island. Their M.Y. *Marise* is a converted air-sea rescue boat with two 100-h.p. diesel engines, and will cruise at 12 knots. With Mr. Platt is his daughter Denise



SOLICITOR'S WIFE Mrs. T. G. Buckeridge in the lounge of their houseboat *Sanders of the River*, moored at Tagg's Island. She paints birds as a hobby and says there are many types of wild fowl nearby. Her husband is secretary of *The Islanders' Club*



TEA-PLANTER'S WIDOW Mrs. R. Donnelly inspects her tomatoes in the greenhouse at the rear of her houseboat *Westward Ho*, a converted landing-craft





Left: The doomed lovers Tony (Don McKay) and Maria (Marlys Watters). Above: Anita (Chita Rivera) the Puerto Rican girl who brilliantly expresses the tormented, but violently alive, spirit of her gang, with the two gang leaders: Bernardo (Ken Le Roy) of the invading Sharks, and Riff (George Chakiris) leader of the New York Jets. The quarrel is over a patch of slum territory which each gang claims

THEATRE

There is poetry in these morons

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

THERE is little point in wondering if *West Side Story*, the American musical at Her Majesty's Theatre, will be a success on the scale of *Oklahoma!* or *My Fair Lady*. It has an originality which nobody would claim for either of these pieces and appeals not to the great big public as a whole but to fairly big sections of that public—to balletomanes, to musicians coming to hear a score that exploits the jazz idiom with marvellously disciplined ingenuity, to play-goers fascinated by experiments in stage technique and also, of course, to anybody who loves a strong story told simply and well in a combination of speech, song, spectacle and dance—with dance, in this instance, taking the lead. By all these people—and there are a great many of them—*West Side Story* will be acclaimed a brilliant show.

You will not by this time need to be told that the strong story is the story of Romeo and Juliet which is set in a New York slum with rival teenage gangs of Puerto Ricans and home-bred Americans as Montagues and Capulets. It is the first tragedy that the American musical has attempted. Two things are obviously crucial in this hazardous adventure. Every note of music must say something germane to the action, and this responsibility Mr. Leonard Bernstein discharges with a cleverness which makes a

distinct advance on the notable music that George Gershwin wrote for *Porgy And Bess*.

His success in providing an aria for Juliet and a love duet for the two lovers may not quite meet the needs of the whistling errand boy, but his efforts to enforce a unity of sound on the action and to merge the preparation for the high dramatic moments with the high moments themselves are a wonderfully sinuous succession of small triumphs.

The other vital necessity for tragedy is poetry. This could be found in words, in melody or in motion. It is natural that Mr. Jerome Robbins, the producer, himself trained in the rigour of classical ballet and in the freedom of American dance styles, should choose movement. Besides, the choice merely continues a tendency which has been growing in the American musical for nearly a generation, the tendency for the dancer to take over and run the show. It comes from the general wish that everything should become more fluid, more mobile, faster.

It is hardly possible to deny, anyway, that the choice made was, in the circumstances, the right one. How else could these young street thugs have been made to produce even a measure of tragic poetry? They are, not altogether excluding Romeo and his Juliet, quite moronic in their outlook. The noblest

impulse they know is to band together more or less loyally to scrap with each other using fists or bricks or bicycle chains for a piece of street. They are intolerable in their implicit self-pity, nauseating in their easy fatalism. "Why," one of them is asked, "are you hell-bent on making the world such a lousy place?" The juvenile delinquent has no difficulty in finding the answer: "That's how we found it, guv."

Clearly the only way to touch these creatures with poetry was by group treatment; and it is remarkable how effectively the transmuting art of ballet draws out the tragic pathos of their social condition and brings them within reaching distance of our sympathy.

Two of the most notable of the evening's effects, in which music and dancing are most happily integrated, are the quintet by the rival gangs chanting the same word "Tonight" in anticipation of the coming fight, and the flight of the lovers after the double murder. The more thrilling, perhaps, is the sudden replacement of the tangle of mean streets by a wide expanse of delicately tinted sea shore whereon the rival gangs wander in a dream of the ideal place which America has proved not to be for them, and the dream changes into a nightmare apprehension of ugly reality.

But all the dancing has vibrancy and emotive power, especially when Mr. Ken Le Roy is on the stage, but the singing is on a lower level. Miss Marlys Watters, the Juliet, alone seems able to cope confidently with the composer's complex, sophisticated line and rhythms. Mr. Don McKay is at best steady. Comic songs are not to be expected in tragedy, but room has been found for one that would give a lift to any musical comedy. "Officer Krupke" is as funny (and as sad) as are the early novels of Mr. Evelyn Waugh.

ACTRESSES *and actors dance at the* *My Fair Lady Ball at the Savoy to help stage charities*



Miss Georgina Turner and Mr. Benjamin Spanoghe. The dance helped to provide Christmas parcels for the actors' orphanage



Miss Maxine Hodson, a débutante, with Mr. Edward Dawson (he works for a shipping company)

Mr. Harry Jacobson, Mr. Brian Reece and Miss Florence Desmond (she is in *Auntie Mame*) with Mr. Reynolds Veitch (standing)

A. V. Swaebe



Miss Joan Lawton and Mr. Stuart Golfar. They have just announced their engagement



Left: Miss Anita Trapani and Mr. Stuart Ritchie. He is at Lloyd's

Mrs. Reynolds Veitch (chairman of the ball), Mr. Raymond Gardner, Mr. Gerry Albertini (son of Mrs. Veitch) and Mrs. Albertini



Above: Mr. Richard Murdoch (he took part in the cabaret) with his daughter, Miss Belinda Murdoch, and Mr. Tadzik Bernakiewicz





The play a whole town acts

EUS (above), a tiny French mountain town in the Roussillon, still preserves the medieval tradition of a Nativity play in which all the inhabitants take part. This year, as every year, Joseph and Mary tour the town on Christmas Eve (left) in search of shelter. They find none until they reach the last house before the church. Lantern-bearers follow them (below, centre) and at midnight actors and township assemble for the final tableau around a crib in the church



continued from page 803

will sink you if you go overboard (and you do go overboard). No rope-soled shoes to go soggy. No briefs or bikinis to leave your haunches bare for the boat to bite into whenever you sit. No gay little scarves to flap and fly out to sea. No long dangling hair-dos to get caught in the rigging. For men, no natty ski-caps with bobbles. No white trousers and spanking blazers. No brand-new yachting caps.

VITAL KNOWLEDGE: This is the hard bit. Do you still want to go? Then you'll have to master a few knots, at least a reef and a hitch. Any Boy Scout will tell you. And you must learn these terms (minimum):

Leeward: This means the side away from the wind. You have to know which way the wind is blowing. Sometimes there is a bit of cotton tied to the shrouds (see "Shrouds") which might give you a clue. Also, the ripples look as if they were at right angles to the wind. (They aren't really, but this is too complicated to explain.)

Fore: The bit of the boat that goes first, at least when you start.

Aft: The end of the boat.

Port: Left (when you're facing fore).

Starboard: Right (when you're facing fore).

Centreboard: Movable keel that you lower or raise. It's in a small box and you have to raise it terribly quickly when it looks as if the boat were heading for the mud.

Shrouds: Set of ropes supporting mast.

Sheet: Not a sail, as you might think, but a rope attached to the sail.

Boom: A big movable pole that will certainly bump your head. Sometimes it moves terribly fast from one side to another, and this is called a . . .

Jibe: You won't know when to expect a jibe first time, but this is one of the big moments of tension, when your mettle will be tested.

Jib: The sail in front of the mast (when there's only one). If there are two the other is a foresail and the boat is a cutter.

Tiller: Steering bar attached to the rudder.

There are dozens of other terms like trim, black and port buoys, jam, close-hauled, in irons, &c. The trouble is you can learn them one by one but it's very confusing when they are all used together. And it's hopeless trying to get sailors to teach you. When they see their boats, the singular madness sets in and you are lost.

Is it all really worth it? Well, E. Arnot Robertson, the novelist who was a reluctant sailor, dogged by boats from her earliest youth, and even married to an ardent sailor (Sir Henry Turner), says: "My advice to anyone going sailing is to get back on to dry land as quickly as possible. Take up ditch-crawling up the canals in a nice little motor-boat, just like a country cottage. You can get out and walk. It's a delightful form of holiday. There are 1,800 miles of navigable canals in England and you rarely see another boat."

And presumably you never have to deal with a mad sailor either. Anyway, you've been warned.

BRIGGS by Graham



CINEMA

Twang go the marriage vows

by ELSPETH GRANT



CARNIVAL MENU: Singer Pat Boone and Christine Carere co-star in *Mardi Gras*, the new musical at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket. General release, January 26

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

The House Of Lovers—Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Dany Carrel, Jacques Duby, Anouk Aimée. Directed by Julien Duvivier. "X" Certificate.

Home Before Dark—Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy, Rhonda Fleming, Mabel Albertson, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

M. JULIEN DUVIVIER has invested *The House Of Lovers* with such style that I cannot believe anyone will be shocked by it though some may feel M. Gérard Philipe is a despicable rather than a disarming seducer, and marvel that the young wives of Victorian Paris found him so completely irresistible. Based on the Zola novel, *Pot-Bouille*, the film bubbles with malice—holding up to derision both the folly of women and the vanity of men and making it clear that cupidity, not Cupid, ruled the marriage market of the time.

M. Philipe, an ambitious and suave young man, is engaged as a shop assistant by the owner of a drapery establishment—Mlle. Danielle Darrieux, an elegant and virtuous creature with an ailing husband. Mlle. Darrieux sees how he dazzles her susceptible customers and appreciates that he is a good thing for the business. Her brooding glances show that she finds him attractive but when M. Philipe presumes to make advances to her she rejects them quite firmly. In a film in which marriage vows are snapping like fiddle-strings all over the place, Mlle. Darrieux stands out as a remarkable character.

M. Philipe, somewhat piqued, turns his attentions to the women living in the large apartment house where he has taken lodgings. A neighbour's temperamental wife (Mlle. Micheline Luccioni) is rapidly seduced by direct and forthright attack, another (Mlle. Anouk Aimée) is led astray by the loan of books. Dear little Mlle. Dany Carrel, who lives with her dragon of a mother, would willingly join the ranks of his victims, but he does not bother very much with her until she has been married off to M. Jacques Duby—who runs a rival drapery store to that of Mlle. Darrieux. Then M. Philipe becomes ardent—scenting a chance of pleasure with self-advancement.

The soon besotted Mlle. Carrel induces her foolish husband to take M. Philipe into the business and as he proves a genius as a salesman, M. Duby, who is as mercenary as the rest, doesn't seem to give a thought to M. Philipe's other talents. It is Mlle. Darrieux, furious at having lost her assistant to her worst competitor, who opens M. Duby's eyes and precipitates a fine scandal. But what is one more scandal in a city of infidelity? Only the subject of ribald gossip among the robust and raucous servant-maids—dawdling in their calico underwear on the backstairs, clattering water-jugs and denigrating their employers with tremendous gusto. (This is a superbly played scene.)

Mr. Duby is persuaded by his business associates and cuckolded companions to abandon the idea of a duel with M. Philipe: after all, one would not risk killing such a useful fellow. All could be forgotten and M. Philipe retain his job, if he wished. But M. Philipe does not so wish. Mlle. Darrieux

has been newly widowed. Is it not natural that he should want to console her for her loss—make her his wife and the drapery store his very own property? It is a cynical film—doting "uncles" are betrayed by the innocent-eyed "nieces" they keep, elderly wives take note of their husbands' mistresses addresses in case of emergency, lovers discard their seduced little friends as autumn trees shed their leaves—but this is excused by the wit of the dialogue and the perfection of the period detail. I found it eminently enjoyable.

Though Miss Jean Simmons gives an exceptionally fine performance—her best to date, I consider—in *Home Before Dark*, I cannot say I actually enjoyed *this* picture. It seemed to me rather a painful piece—not because it deals with mental instability but because it does not deal sufficiently honestly with this delicate subject. It lapses, particularly as far as the dialogue is concerned, into the novelettish and melodramatic.

Miss Simmons, as a young wife who has spent a year in a mental hospital, returns to her home in a small New England town. The breakdown she suffered was caused by jealousy: she had apparently convinced herself, unjustifiably, that her husband (Mr. Dan O'Herlihy, a professor of philosophy at a local college) had been having an affair with her step-sister, Miss Rhonda Fleming, a good-looking smug blonde.

The professor welcomes his wife back frigidly and gives her to understand that, on doctor's orders, marital relations will not be resumed for some time. Miss Simmons, who believes herself cured, cannot see why not—but he and Miss Fleming, who is still around helping the professor to be philosophical, and Miss Simmons's odious, quack-voiced stepmother (Miss Mabel Albertson) all wag their heads sagely and smile their soothing little smiles and tell her repeatedly that she is not at all well.

The only person in the household who treats her as if she were a normal human being is Mr. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., a philosophy instructor who is temporarily lodging with the professor. Miss Simmons is grateful to him but, having nothing to do all day and feeling she is watched by her antagonistic family for a sign of another breakdown, she becomes increasingly reserved and upset.

To this point, I had not thought there was anything seriously wrong with Miss Simmons—though it was pretty hard to believe that any girl in her right mind would have married Mr. O'Herlihy in the first place. But suddenly there are definite signs of unbalance. Miss Simmons confides in an old friend (Mr. Steve Dunne) that her husband is trying to poison her. Her eyes glitter crazily as she outlines her scheme for survival—and when Mr. Dunne tactfully suggests she should see a psychiatrist she slies away in a huff. A wretched Christmas trip to Boston with her husband, a senseless shopping-spree and some odd behaviour in an hotel restaurant half convinced me that her family was right and she was slipping back into insanity. Apparently she could pull herself up again by her own shoelaces. The way in which she suddenly rounds on her tormentors, orders them from her house and organizes a future with Mr. Zimbalist seems to argue a mind absolutely unimpaired if slow to be made up.

BOOKS I AM READING

Weird cries on the Seine

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

HISTORICAL NOVELS, partly thanks to the extraordinary talents of writers such as Mary Renault and Marguerite Yourcenar, have been getting steadily better. This is not to cry down the splendid *Vicomte de Bragelonne* stuff that is part of one's young education, crammed with devil-may-care aristocrats and bloody rapiers running neatly through expensive satin and lashings of romantic love. But women historical novelists have recently developed a peculiar empathy with persons and events long past—perhaps because women are necessarily occupied with the exact way people eat meals and dress for a walk in the park. (Baroness Orczy knew what all the Top People were doing at lunchtime on any particular day during the French Revolution, and probably also just exactly what they were eating and why.)

The bloody rapiers and lashings of love are still in demand, but they are no longer quite enough. Facts must be accurate, climate must be convincing, characters must be sufficiently complex for the reader with no strongly developed historical vision to find them interesting according to contemporary standards. And heroes and heroines are all the better for not having been thoroughly mapped by countless historical novelists in the past. The Emperor Hadrian is obviously an excellent bet, while only Thornton Wilder could safely embark on Cleopatra, and only Elizabeth Tudor will really stand up to repetitive treatment.

Chere Anne, the spur for this digression, is a novel by Gerty Colin (Heinemann, 16s.), and has one of those dispiriting covers on which a courtly lady and gentleman in

matching colours and lace ruffles hold each other glumly by the hand, surveyed by various background courtiers and cardinals. The book is the story of Marie Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin, loved hopelessly by the young Louis XIV, and eventually married to Lorenzo Colonna. I had looked forward to the novelty of a French point of view on Louis, who is so often an unsympathetic middle-distance character in English novels about the purple life and loves of Charles II. For all I know, all the facts are accurate, the people correctly interpreted, the history impeccable. But unhappily, at least in my view, the publishers are perfectly right in announcing that this is a "timeless love-story" that "stands for the story of all women whose lives have depended upon the love of one man." If what you are planning is a timeless love-story—one carping, bad-tempered reader thinks meanly—why bother to research on Marie Mancini?

There is a certain contemporary-historical-fiction note in that there is the illusion of a frank analysis of everyone's sex lives and there is a merciful absence of gadzookery. But for the rest this is ultimately boring stuff, not much helped by a translation under which the French runs closely—"... the Tour du Coin kept ghostly guard over the misty ribbon of the Seine where the boatmen, scarcely able to see their way, uttered weird cries."

Enough of weird cries! Another book by a French writer, *The Shouting Dies Away*, by Jean Denys (Longmans, 13s. 6d.), admirably translated by Edward Hyams, is the story of a small Mexican boy and a bull-calf that he nurses from birth and learns to

know like a friend. The arena finally claims the grown bull and—a direct simple parallel—grown-up life demands the boy. I liked this book; it seems real and truly felt and touching without sentimentality, and what the publishers are up to pinning that dread phrase "deeply moving" on to a book that is fresh and spirited I do not know.

Anyone who wants to be reassured about—or to have their worst fears confirmed about—women should study *A Sex By Themselves* (Arthur Barker, 25s.), a sly, witty commentary by Alan Wykes, who has gathered his evidence from the comic magazines of the last hundred years. The truth about women is often most closely arrived at from cartoons about them, though it must always be remembered that the cartoons are by men and therefore biased and frequently just plain baffled. I greatly relished Mr. Wykes' jubilant commentary; the more so for his more than occasional unblushing, villainous disregard for truth ("All the women I have known have been kind, pretty, adoring, equably tempered, intelligent and very rich").

True Tales Of The Pirates And Their Gold (Alvin Redman, 15s.), is a rum book, with a frontispiece of the jolly touselled author, Mr. Edward Rowe Snow, casually holding up the shiny skull of the great Blackbeard himself. I am well disposed towards pirates myself, though most turn out to be less classically educated and polished than Captain Hook the incomparable. This weird and violent book, not over-smooth in style, grows odder from page to page, and is most oddly prefaced by the author, who tells us that his first book has become a collector's item, that when "the tasks of authorship proved insurmountable, it was then that my faithful wife, Anna-Myrle, took over the difficulties and made my burdens lighter," and also gives thanks to Lillian Kapsch, who "gave willingly of her time and talents" and Margaret Hackett who "often laboured far beyond the call of duty". The "most heart-breaking research work" has in fact provided some strange and horrid material (some of it so bloodthirsty that it becomes depressing) and my favourite chapter heading of the week is "Fifty-One Outstanding Pirates." Anna-Myrle, Lillian and Margaret did not work in vain.

My Golden Road From Samarkand, by Jascha Golowanjuk (Harrap, 15s.), is a wild, savage and curiously vivid book, written from diaries kept by the author when he was twelve years old and escaping from the Russian Revolution—as brightly coloured and fiercely alarming as something out of the Arabian Nights.

And anyone who really wants to know how Dorothy Wilding photographed Sir Gladwyn Jebb ("such a handsome man"), Robert Morley ("an archangel of patience"), Fred Astaire ("he's a dream"), and how she said "Half a jiffy" to King George VI (he gave her a "comforting smile"), and how she furnished her reception room—"Standing at the table was a largish rather lovely pouffé [sic] of green brocade velvet with gold and silver garlands"—can read absolutely all about it in *In Pursuit Of Perfection* (Robert Hale, 21s.), with four Royal photographs at the top of the jacket, and below Noël Coward cosily flanked by Somerset Maugham and Bernard Shaw.

STANLEY
PARKER
DRAWS

Christine
Brook Rose

It is not long since Christine Brook Rose published The Sycamore Tree, but already her new book, A Grammar Of Metaphor (Secker & Warburg) is ready. At Oxford, Isis voted her one of the most beautiful girls of her year. She lives in Chelsea with her Polish husband, Jerzy Peterkiewicz, who is a writer and lecturer at London University



RECORDS

He really had the biggest band

by GERALD LASCELLES



Bassano

Lady Susan Katharine Waldegrave to Mr. Marmaduke James Hussey: She is the youngest daughter of the Earl & Countess Waldegrave, Chewton Mendip. He is the son of Mrs. & the late Mr. E. Hussey, Painswold, Cuckfield



Miss Diana Rosemary Mann to Mr. Colin Hinton: She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. G. Mann, Creskeld Lane, Bramhope. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Hinton, Ruebury, The Grove, Marton, Middlesbrough



Tom Hustler

Miss Bridget Hope Cochrane to Mr. Nigel Guy Pullan: She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Cochrane, Highmead, St. Mellons, Monmouth. He is the only son of Lt.-Col. & the late Mrs. E. G. Pullan, Lewes



Yevonde

Miss Philippa Hare to Mr. Timothy Burrill: She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Hare, of Farnham Hall, Saxmundham, Suffolk. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. L. Peckover Burrill, Ty-Coch, Trefnant, Denbighshire



Yevonde

Miss Daphne Margaret Battine to Mr. Michael H. S. D. Dormer: She is the eldest daughter of the late Capt. O. J. Battine, and Mrs. G. Hamilton, Thurloe Square, London. He is the only son of Capt. & Mrs. R. S. Dormer, Bowdown House, Newbury



Fayer

Miss Jennifer Mary Milligan to Mr. Richard Frederick de Leigh Wills: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. P. Milligan, Orchard Cottage, Crastock. He is the son of Mr. F. Wills, Preston Court Cottage, Glynde, & Mrs. J. Fiske, Plettenberg Bay, S. Africa

AROUND 1940-41 when Goodman, Dorsey, Artie Shaw and others were vying for public acclaim as the largest and loudest bands of all, another leader squared his shoulders and went boldly into the fight. His name was Stan Kenton, and he dispensed his music from the piano end of a band which in a few years reached mammoth proportions, both in size and volume. Quite apart from an 18-piece string section, the band boasted five reeds, five trumpets, six trombones, two French horns, tuba, and a three-man rhythm section. All this could never add up to jazz, but it placed strong emphasis on a few capable arrangers, and spotlighted a handful of modern style West Coast soloists.

The Kenton Era is told at length in four Capitol long-players of which the first is by far the best, if only because the idea that a band should swing has not been entirely overlooked. The later phases developed along pretentious lines, and the swing band approach was displaced by a sort of brassy symphonic conception, which may have done much harm to jazz on a long-term basis. The controversial material may interest some readers, and it is for this reason that I have tried briefly to place the Kenton era in its proper perspective.

Woody Herman's First Herd, which included Sonny Berman, Stan Getz, Bill Harris and pianist/arranger Ralph Burns, made merry with some splendid pieces—"Summer Sequence" and "Caldonia" being the best known—at the same time as Kenton was making his big impact. I prefer their forthright attack, and view with some surprise the relative eclipse of this most competent band by Kenton.

Lee Konitz, purveyor of the *Very Cool*, as his latest Columbia album is called, must have been wearing a fur coat in the studio when he recorded these tracks. All his sidemen, with the exception of drummer Shadow Wilson, have studied with Lennie Tristano (one of the most advanced pianists in jazz), who now runs a school in New York. Their ideas of what jazz should sound like are so remote from my own that I can hardly pass judgment on this extraordinary disc, but I can offer you the warning to approach it well wrapped, and to beware of frostbite.

The musical event of the month has, I presume, been the première of *West Side Story*. I write these notes before the show has opened in London, but with ringing in my ears the vital music by the original New York cast, who recorded it a year or more ago. Shades of *Guys And Dolls* (my personal favourite among the imported shows of postwar years) are evoked by this piece, which is notable for the musical score by Leonard Bernstein. He has done a fine job on this controversial piece, hopping with determination from lyrical mood to the incisive rhythms which portray the restless movement of the rival street gangs.

I have failed to find a potential hit amongst the tunes in *West Side Story*, but am not unduly worried on the promoters' behalf. There have been times when familiarity with show tunes has caused people to stay away; I do not envisage such an occurrence in this case. I am encouraged to think that the people employed on the major Broadway musical productions are alive and aware of the world in which they live, and that they can produce a powerful story, with dynamic music to match.

SELECTED RECORDS

DUKE ELLINGTON PRESENTS . . . E.P.s. London EZ-N19025/6.

WOODY HERMAN. Summer Sequence. 10-in. L.P. Fontana TFR6015.

PAUL QUINICHETTE. On The Sunny Side. 12-in. L.P. Esquire 32-057.

BURT BALES & MARSALA. San Francisco Waterfront. 12-in. L.P. H.M.V. CLP1218.

NBC'S CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LOWER BASIN STREET. 12-in. L.P. RCA-Camden CDN105.

BROADWAY CAST. West Side Story. 12-in. L.P. Philips BBL7277.

The winter line

Functional but full of
grace, the cut is right
for coats or Clippers



TANGERINE knitted mohair provides a splash of colour on a winter day at Greenwich where the clipper ship Cutty Sark lies in permanent dry dock. The coat, a Continental import, looks as though it had been hand-knitted. It has a matching lining of pure silk, caught-up puffed sleeves and a half-belt at the back. A Matita model at Woollands, Knightsbridge, and Whitfields, Wolverhampton, price about 48 gns.

BEIGE is the colour of a second knitted mohair coat from the Continent which is also available in royal blue. It is lined warmly throughout with matching silk and built on straight lines with classical revers. This coat is unbelted. It comes from Rima Casuals and is obtainable in London from Josephine Hurley, Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, and in Leeds from Florence Woods. The price is about 29½ gns.



for outdoor days



OLIVE GREEN, brown and cream tweed in a large dogstooth check is used for this winter outing ensemble. The coat has an interesting full back tapering to the hemline and the matching skirt is cut dead straight. A Brenner model from Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge, and Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham and Newark (available mid-January from the latter), price about 15 gns. Cream felt hat by Hugh Beresford obtainable from Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE

THE WINTER LINE
FOR OUTDOORS
continued

in coats

Michel Molinère

WARDROOM is kept exactly as it was when Cutty Sark was launched 90 years ago and the visitor's coat of coral pink tweed brings a touch of modern colour. The coat is cut with the high Empire bust on a line which flares out to the hem. The neckline is wide and there is a high, broad half-belt at the back. From Worth Wholesale and obtainable at Liberty, Regent Street, in grey herring-bone tweed only, price 41 gns., and Pophams, Plymouth, price 33½ gns. Hugh Beresford's coral felt hat at Bourne & Hollingsworth, 5 gns.

Points of style and clipper ships



RIGGING makes a background for a loose-fitting top-coat in a mohair and Saxony mixture cloth dyed a rich crushed raspberry colour. It has a dropped shoulderline, a very full back, standaway neckline and wide three-quarter length sleeves. Mattli Ready-to-Wear at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1, and Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth, price about 36 gns. Hugh Beresford's matching felt pull-on at Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street, W.1, price: £6 19s. 6d.

ANCHOR of the Cutty Sark provides a vantage point for the girl in a warm raglan coat of pure wool and cashmere with hand-stitched pockets and edgings. Buttoned into the coat is a fur lining which is sold separately. Both from Aquascutum, Regent Street, W.1, the coat costs 39 gns., the fur lining 12 gns. Choice of the coat is appropriate to the ship which by 1879 had turned to the Australian wool trade after being forced out of the rich Eastern markets by steamers using the short newly opened Suez Canal route

THE WINTER LINE
FOR OUTDOORS *continued*



Michel Molinare



CHIEF officer of the Cutty Sark, Cdr. H. J. West, shows a visitor the earliest figurehead in the collection now exhibited in the main cargo hold. It is attributed to Grinling Gibbons and was commissioned by a Cornish pirate for his sloop The Golden Boys. The visitor wears a russet brown suede jerkin with a back of toning knitted wool over a cardigan style jacket of fine supple moss-green suede trimmed with saddle stitching. The skirt is in toning green checks. At Aquaseutum, prices: jerkin 5½ gns., jacket 18 gns., skirt 5½ gns.

Figureheads and

FINE Prince of Wales check worsted makes this suit in which a short boxy jacket tops a dead straight skirt. It is lined throughout and the colours are black and white (also available in navy blue and white). Mattli Ready-to-Wear at Peter Jones, Sloane Square, Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham, price about 28 gns. The figurehead is of Abraham Lincoln. Many of those in the Cutty Sark come from the collection of Capt. "Long John" Silver, a famous character of London's river



COMPANION tweeds are used for this three-piece, a suit with its top-coat. The coat is in a soft blue-white herringbone Linton tweed cut with a high-waisted effect and has a wide turn-over collar. The suit is in a fine, extremely soft matching tweed but is of much lighter weight and smaller design. It is semi-fitted and has a triangular front and three-quarter length sleeves. Both come from the Hardy Amies Boutique, Savile Row, and Joan of Nottingham. Prices about 38 gns. and 36 gns. respectively



fashions

IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

On a trip to the snowline



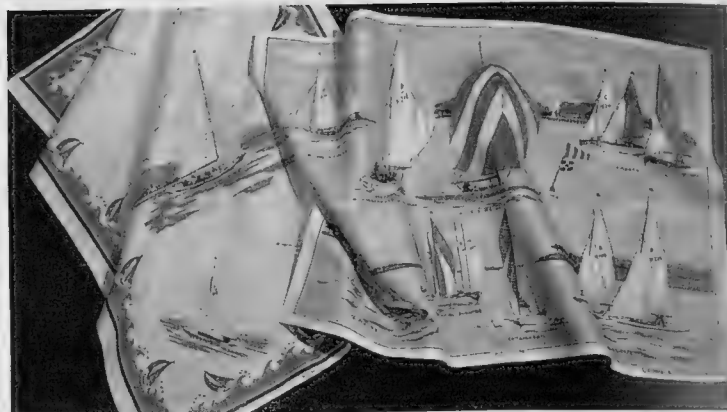
The winter sports season is well under way but for the smart girl planning a visit to the snow slopes later in the New Year here are some last-minute ideas from Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3. *Left:* A Norwegian ski or après-ski sweater hand-knitted in extra-tough wool. It is snowy white with a brilliant pattern of red and black and buttoned with gleaming silver. Price: £8 18s. 6d. The black elasticized ski pants are also Norwegian and of impeccable cut, price 12 gns. The powder blue après-ski boots, in the softest possible leather and fleece-lined, cost 3 gns. *Right:* To add colour to a white landscape, a powder blue poplin anorak with knitted wool sides and under-arms and an attached hood tied with a drawstring, price: 12 gns. The elasticized ski pants in a deeper blue are French-made. The flattering fit is enhanced by an elastic instep and the pants are excellent value at 9½ gns. The white ski mitts cost £1 11s. 9d., the goggles, 18s. and the Italian ski boots, £7 17s. 6d. Ski equipment from Gordon Lowe

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ALEXANDER





These canvas shoulder bags for sailing kit have a rigid base on which to rest them (35s. each)



Sailing dinghies and racing yachts decorate these glass cloths (5s. each)



Above: Yacht club cushions can be embroidered with the club's own emblem (47s. each). These, and all the other articles, come from Capt. O. M. Watts, Ltd.

SHOPPING

With boats in mind

by JEAN STEELE



Wind velocity (important for yacht club flag officers planning races) is measured with a Ventimeter (£2 5s.)



Dennis Smith

The Low Speedometer for sailing boats is made by Smiths (£9 15s.)

Sailing dinghies are pictured again on playing cards (6s. a pack), ash trays (7s. 9d. each) and mats (15s. each). The captain's head is a bottle pourer (7s. 6d.)



*A 'casual' look hairstyle by
John of Knightsbridge goes well
with this Braemar sweater*

BEAUTY

Tomorrow is too late!

by JEAN CLELAND

NEW YEAR'S EVE, and instead of looking forward to the things we hope to do next year, let's look back and remember some of the things we meant to do this year—things that were among our resolutions last New Year's Eve, and that somehow never got done.

When it comes to beauty culture, this looking back is salutary. It serves to show how much time is wasted in wishful thinking. The worst of saying "I'll start tomorrow" is that tomorrow never comes, which is why so many people who wanted to improve their looks at the beginning of the year are still wanting the same thing now. If they don't start "doing" instead of "wanting," they'll be in a similar position at the end of 1959.

Let us then, in the few hours that remain of the old year, consider some of the improvements that can be made.

Lines and wrinkles, for instance. This is a problem that concerns a great many older people. To say that deep-set lines can be obliterated altogether, would be, in my opinion, to give false hope. That by treating them in the right way they can be greatly improved and smoothed out, there is no doubt. Since wrinkles are largely due to expression they can, of course, occur in any type of skin, yet they are far more common in a skin that is dry. This is because a dry, flaky skin "creases" easily, like a piece of paper. You have only to screw it up, and the creases—or in the case of the skin the wrinkles—are there.

The first thing to do therefore to counteract and prevent wrinkles is to keep the skin thoroughly well nourished. Cleanse it with

a cream—much less drying than soap and water—and give it two or three minutes' massage, both night and morning, with a really rich nutritive skin food. At night leave a little of the cream on to seep in till morning.

Make good use of the moisture creams which are among the best of modern discoveries for keeping the complexion soft and dewily youthful. As the years increase, the skin tends to lose its natural moisture, and as this happens it leads to the parched look that is very ageing. Science has established that natural moisture can be replaced by certain preparations created for this purpose.

Most of the leading beauticians, including Arden, Rubinstein, Lancôme, Yardley, Coty, Cyclax, etc., all have creams containing moisturizing ingredients. I would strongly urge those whose skin is looking "aged" and dried up, to make use of them. By supplying the moisture that is lacking they make the skin supple and have an extremely beneficial effect on lines and wrinkles. I advise you to apply one of these preparations each day before making-up; this will act as a foundation for the make-up. If desired, a proper foundation can be used as well.

Greasy skin needs quite different treatment. The important thing, in this case, is to tone it up, tighten it, and brace the relaxed pores. This can be done in various ways. First, wash each day with Pore

Grains—you can get excellent ones made by Helena Rubinstein—and follow by brisk patting with an astringent lotion. Pat until the skin is warm and glowing, then—about twice a week—apply a face pack to complete the tightening up process. As a rule this type of skin responds best to a liquid foundation.

From skin to hair. "I don't know what is the matter with my hair," is a frequent cry from women of all ages. "It's too frizzy," "It's so greasy," "It won't take a perm nicely," "It falls out of set only about a day after it has been done." The answer is to consult a good trichologist, and follow his advice. Nearly all the top hairdressers have trichologists on the premises who will prescribe the best way of dealing with hair that is out of condition. There are all sorts of excellent treatments available for bringing back the life, the colour, the growth and the sheen.

Let me remind those who sail, or go in for any other kind of outdoor sport, of the need for protection. If the complexion is to stand up to cold temperatures and harsh winds it must have something to guard it against them. There is a wide selection of protective preparations from which to choose. Get one to suit your type of skin and pat a little in each day before making up. If your skin is at all sensitive you will soon see what a difference this makes, and how effectively it will prevent roughness and chapping.



MOTORING

Sinister outcasts of the islands

by GORDON WILKINS

WE ARE, AS I HAVE HEARD SAY, an island people. But long ago, when the Roman legions invaded these shores, and the original inhabitants were driven westwards, one sturdy tribe must have managed to take refuge in the mists and mountains. They quickly learned the limitations of clubs and stones as weapons of defence, and developed the technique of building road blocks to disrupt the enemy's communications. The Romans went away, the centuries passed and it must have seemed that the tribe had been



assimilated into the rest of the British race. But there is reason to believe that some of their descendants have persisted into the motor age, making sorties from the hills and carrying on guerrilla warfare by building ingenious modern-looking obstructions to spread chaos and confusion among our road traffic. These are the true Island People, for they have transformed the island from a refuge into an offensive weapon.

I had my first encounter with them some years ago when a small detachment disguised as council workmen came along one morning, dug a hole and installed a lamp post right outside my garage gate so that I could not get a car in or out. I rang up the council, who were most apologetic about it and sent along one of their own gangs to move the lamp somewhere else. In this respect I was much luckier than Mr. A. E. Matthews. But we had not finished with the invaders. A few weeks later they appeared from nowhere and erected an obstruction in the form of a traffic island where my road joined the main highway. That same night, some poor devil going home in a mist took the same line as he had for years, hit it, and wrote off himself and his car. Next morning, council workmen removed all trace of the island and the whole affair was hushed up, for the authorities dared not let it be known that they were no longer in control of the roads.

In recent years the Island People have achieved such success one can only conclude that some of the more daring young ones have penetrated into the offices of local surveyors and are sabotaging the traffic from there. They are specially good at roundabouts. Traffic flows very much like a river. Give it gentle guidance based on the known

laws of fluid flow and you can send it where you will without any violent disturbance, but if you try to make it do the impossible you create confusion and collisions. Even a nasty thing like a roundabout *can* be planned so that traffic flows into it and out again fairly smoothly.

But this is what the Island People try to avoid. They put the roundabout just over the brow of a hill, or design it so that it blends into the landscape. Drivers taken by surprise sometimes go straight on, escaping injury at a cost of a couple of burst tyres. This infuriates the Island People, who install



posts and railings which will at least smash the headlamps and the radiator. In some cases this is not enough and the more vindictive I.P.s are now building walls round the roundabouts, so that they have a sporting chance of smashing the car and killing the occupants as well. They hate *slight* accidents.

They have a special group which lays slippery surfaces at the approaches to traffic lights and pedestrian crossings. One of their greatest successes was to devise a special slippery compound for the white stripes on pedestrian crossings which brings cyclists, scooterists and motor cyclists down in heaps on wet days. I helped to pick one man up after he had narrowly escaped being run over by a bus and he muttered resentfully: "They take one life to save another." Apparently, in his ignorance, he was blaming the local authority for the work of the I.P.

Until recently most Continental roads escaped the attention of the Island People,



but now a strong branch of the tribe seems to have established itself in France. They are routing the poor French motorists who lack the British driver's long experience in dodging random road obstructions. One of their cleverest tricks is to sprinkle whole archipelagos of islands at a cross roads, leaving an absolutely clear way through for traffic in one direction. The stranger threading his way through the maze has no eyes to spare for other vehicles and he trustingly assumes that he is in some kind of one-way traffic system until something flashes across his bumper at a cool 70 m.p.h. Smashed posts and wrecked cars show that this method is proving highly effective.

One of the most elaborate I.P. constructions to date is the Beauvais by-pass. They have turned the junction with the Beauvais road at the southern end into such an elaborate system of earthworks and pitfalls that the authorities have had to institute a no-passing zone for hundreds of yards before traffic reaches it. Even studying it on foot, it is difficult to discover a safe way through. The driver in a moving vehicle hasn't a hope. My first picture shows the litter of signs and islands at the approach and the second shows one of the splendid booby traps which await those who advance farther in. At night or in misty weather, the stranger in the left-hand lane suddenly finds the vehicle in front swinging left down an escape alleyway, leaving him to plough straight on over a special island which blocks half the carriageway. The broken signpost shows how successful this trick is.

The by-pass itself is a four-lane road with no centre strip, but about half-way along there is a small chain of unannounced islands. Nothing elaborate—just simple flap ones, enough to bring a motor cyclist off his machine or throw a fast car into an uncontrollable skid.

Then at the end there is one of those ingenious new archipelagos where the stranger suddenly finds the locals coming at him broadside at full speed while he is trying to find his way out of the maze. Only a lucky or a skilful driver can find his way through all these traps without having an accident or at least a narrow escape.

Keep a sharp lookout for the Island People and their road blocks. One day we shall have to winkle them out and drive them back to the mountains.

THE ISLANDERS
IN FRANCE

The Beauvais by-pass junction is described by Gordon Wilkins as an elaborate system of earthworks and pitfalls



DINING IN

Guests without fuss

by HELEN BURKE

MANY INQUIRIES come from readers who like to ask friends in for a meal but who do not want to spend most of the pre-dinner time in the kitchen. They want dishes which will remain at their peak after waiting for the time it takes to enjoy an apéritif or two.

This means simplifying the meal considerably and starting with soup or something cold. Something cold? Smoked trout with horse-radish cream is a wonderful candidate but recently, when the trout was not available, I substituted buckling with the horse-radish sauce and it was delicious, at something like one-third the cost. Good seconds are avocado pears with an oil and vinegar dressing, potted shrimps, eggs *en gelée* or one of those delicious *pâtés de foie* one can get so easily in cans or *en croûte* from Fortnum's or Harrods. For soups, there is beetroot or tomato consommé with tiny pasta letters of the alphabet and numerals.

Here is a simple little meal I like to serve when I am pressed for time.

Tomato consommé with the pasta letters and numbers. The juice from a can of peeled tomatoes, strained through a thick linen cloth and added to a can of consommé, is sufficient. A useful family luncheon dish for the next day is cocktail sausages, each rolled in very thin rashers of streaky bacon and quickly fried, then braised with onions and the canned tomatoes.

Paprika veal follows the consommé and here is how to make it the easy way: For four to five servings, you will need about 1½ lb. leg veal. Cut it into approximately one-inch cubes. Melt up to 1½ oz. butter and simmer in it 8 oz. finely chopped onions (preferably Spanish ones) until translucent. Add the veal cubes and continue to cook to stiffen them and slightly colour the onions. Work in a teaspoon of paprika, a dessertspoon of flour and a teaspoon of tomato purée. This is so little that it will not clash with the tomato juice in the consommé.

Away from the heat, stir in enough hot stock or water to cover the meat. A chicken

bouillon cube and water will not be amiss. Cover and simmer gently until the veal is tender. Season to taste. Add up to ¼ pint double cream, but even half the amount will do quite well. Re-heat when required or turn the mixture into a casserole and place it in the oven at 225 to 250 degrees Fahr. or gas mark ¼ to ½, where it will keep hot in perfect condition.

Plainly boiled potatoes go well with this dish. So does braised celery, which is also a good waiter. For this, buy three heads of celery. Remove the outer stalks. Cut 3½ to 4 inches off the trimmed root ends, then cut them through lengthwise, making 6 halves. Wash them well. Boil them in water to cover for about 10 minutes. Drain. Place on a sliced carrot and onion in an earthenware or iron casserole. Cover with stock or water and add seasoning to taste. Add a walnut of butter, cover and braise for 1½ hours at 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5.

Just before the meal, drain the stock from the celery. For ¼ pint of it, blend ¼ teaspoon arrowroot with a dessertspoon of water. Add it to the boiling stock, bring to the boil again, when it will clear at once. Pour it over the celery. Keep the remaining celery for soup.

At this particular meal, served a few days ago, the third course was cheese—a new one, something between Brie and Camembert, soon to be on the market.

Finally, fresh fruit—and that was an easy meal for a busy woman to prepare and serve on a busy day.



DINING OUT

First snare your duck

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

IT IS UNUSUAL to experience in one week two extraordinary feasts. The first was at the annual banquet held by the Réunion des Gastronomes at the Trocadero and the place swarmed with restaurateurs, hoteliers and caterers of high renown.

In the chair was the President, L. A. Dunnage, O.B.E., who (among other activities) directs the Royal Star Hotel at Maidstone.

I sat between the Queen's Physician (Lord Evans, G.C.V.O.), who proposed the toast of the assembled gastronomes, and Sir Stanley Rous, C.B.E., Secretary of the Football Association, who replied for the guests.

I cannot describe the whole of the menu, which would take a couple of pages; fortunately, chef cuisinier of the "Troc," Charles Jean Beaufort, had written a description of what it was all about and had based the whole affair on *The Ancient Gastronomy of the Seychelles Islands* which he had discovered in a manuscript while rummaging through a bookshop on the banks of the Seine.

Sufficient to describe the main course,

which was *La Toitrine de Canard Mahé de la Bourdonnais*. This is the highly original recipe, translated as written:

"Snare a duck in the Garden of Eden, divest it of its outer beauty and cut away its breast. Let it soak with pepper in a marinade of oil and spices from the Coast of Zanzibar. When it is well impregnated, cook it gently over a fire of vanilla vines; place it on rice which has been cooked with wild dried grapes and cover with the sauce made from the milk of the cow that Madame brought over from France."

The next event was a dinner held at that magnificent old inn, the Spread Eagle at Midhurst, to celebrate the completion of an extensive and expensive restoration. The staff were all in period costume; varlets seized your baggage and whisked you off to charming bedrooms (all a mass of old beams) to change for dinner.

The company in itself was unusual, consisting mainly of highly successful historical novelists, such as Margaret Irwin, Doris Leslie and several others, with Dennis Wheatley as chairman.

There was a seven-course menu which included such delights as boiled turbot served with oyster patties and lobster sauce, cold pheasant, Elizabethan-style; roast sucking pigs stuffed with baked apples; saddle of mutton and so forth, with seven different wines, from Madeira with the turtle soup to vintage port with the fine old Stilton.

To give the final touch to this remarkable evening the Dolmetsch Players were there to provide a suitable background accompaniment for the dinner.

The first time I visited the Spread Eagle was with Hilaire Belloc, who knew as much about the inns of Sussex as anyone, and loved the place. Its manager is now Major E. W. Hylton (once of the 9th Lancers), who was in charge of Field-Marshal Montgomery's visitors' mess during the war.

With much the same atmosphere is the 11th-century Saxon mill at Guys Cliffe near Warwick, a mighty pile of old beams, fine timber, minstrel galleries, etc. It is preserved as an Ancient Monument. This was bought in 1952 by James Byrnes who, with the aid of an architect specializing in the restoration of ancient buildings, has turned it into a restaurant with a banqueting room and ballroom, in no way interfering with its original style and splendour. Mr. Byrnes has also turned it into a rendezvous for gourmets.

The menu is immense and there is nothing you can't get, from *Escargots Parisienne* to stuffed roast sucking pigs from their own farm and Muscovy ducks stuffed with wild rice, potted hare and pike. With pike about you can, of course, get authentic *Quenelles de Brochet*.

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